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CONCLUDING *THE ORIGIN OF*

# SPIDER-MAN

## 2099

LEONARDI  
Williams



STAN LEE PRESENTS:

# SPIDER-MAN 2099



THOU ART AN  
ENEMY OF THE  
HARBINGER OF  
THOR!

THAT MAKES THEE  
OUR ENEMY AS  
WELL!

PREPARE TO  
BE THOROUGHLY  
SMITED!

GET BACK,  
YOU IDIOTS!  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE  
DEALING  
WITH!

BUT I KNEW, I KNEW  
WHAT VENTURE WAS  
CAPABLE OF.  
I DON'T KNOW WHERE  
THOSE THORITES POPPED  
OUT FROM. THE CITY SEEMS  
TO BE CRAWLING WITH  
THEM LATELY. BUT I KNEW  
THAT IF THEY TRIED TO SLUG  
IT OUT WITH VENTURE,  
THAT THERE WOULD BE...

GETTING  
ALL THIS,  
LYLA?

OF COURSE,  
MIGUEL. I'M IN  
FULL RECORD  
MODE.

**'NOTHING  
GAINED.'**

PETER DAVID  
WRITER  
RICK LEONARDI  
PENCILER  
AL WILLIAMSON  
INKER  
RICK PARKER  
LETTERER  
NOELLE GIDDINGS  
COLORIST  
JOEY CAVALIERI  
EDITOR  
TOM DEFALCO  
ALCHEMAX C.E.O.



AT THAT POINT, I WAS JUST TRYING TO THROW VENTURE OFF THE SCENT...



... THE SCENT THAT WOULD HAVE LED STRAIGHT TO ME IF I'D LET IT.



INSTEAD, THOSE IDIOT THOR WORSHIPPERS GOT IN THE WAY, AND...

... IT WAS HORRIBLE.



I CAN KEEP THIS JUGGLING ACT GOING ALL DAY, SON.

'LESS IT BORES ME.

THEN PEOPLE START DYING.

EEEEYAAAH!







YOU WANT THEIR DEATHS ON YOUR CONSCIENCE, SON? MAYBE YOU CAN LIVE WITH IT... BUT THEY CAN'T.



WHAT I WANT...

...IS TO BE LEFT ALONE!



AAARRHH!

YOU'VE GOT GUTS, SON. I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.

BUT YOU'VE GOT NO STYLE. NO EXPERIENCE.

AND NO CHANCE.



ALCHEMAX WANTS YOUR BLACK-CLAD BUTT, AND I'M HERE TO BRING IT TO THEM. IF YOU WANT TO MAKE THIS TOUGH, IT'S ONLY GOING TO BE TOUGH ON YOU.

HE'S...HE'S RIGHT. HIS ROD'S NERVE-NUMBED MY RIGHT ARM... AND HE'S JUST GETTING STARTED!



THIS IS *INSANE*. THE LAST TIME I WAS IN A SERIOUS FIGHT, I WAS SIX YEARS OLD... AND I GOT CLOBBERED.

AND NOW I'M TRYING TO SLUG IT OUT WITH ALCHEMAX'S NUMBER ONE HIRED CYBORG? WHAT WAS I *THINKING*?! I

WELL... "SPIDER-MAN?"

IN THE NAME OF THOR, GOD OF THUNDER, I--

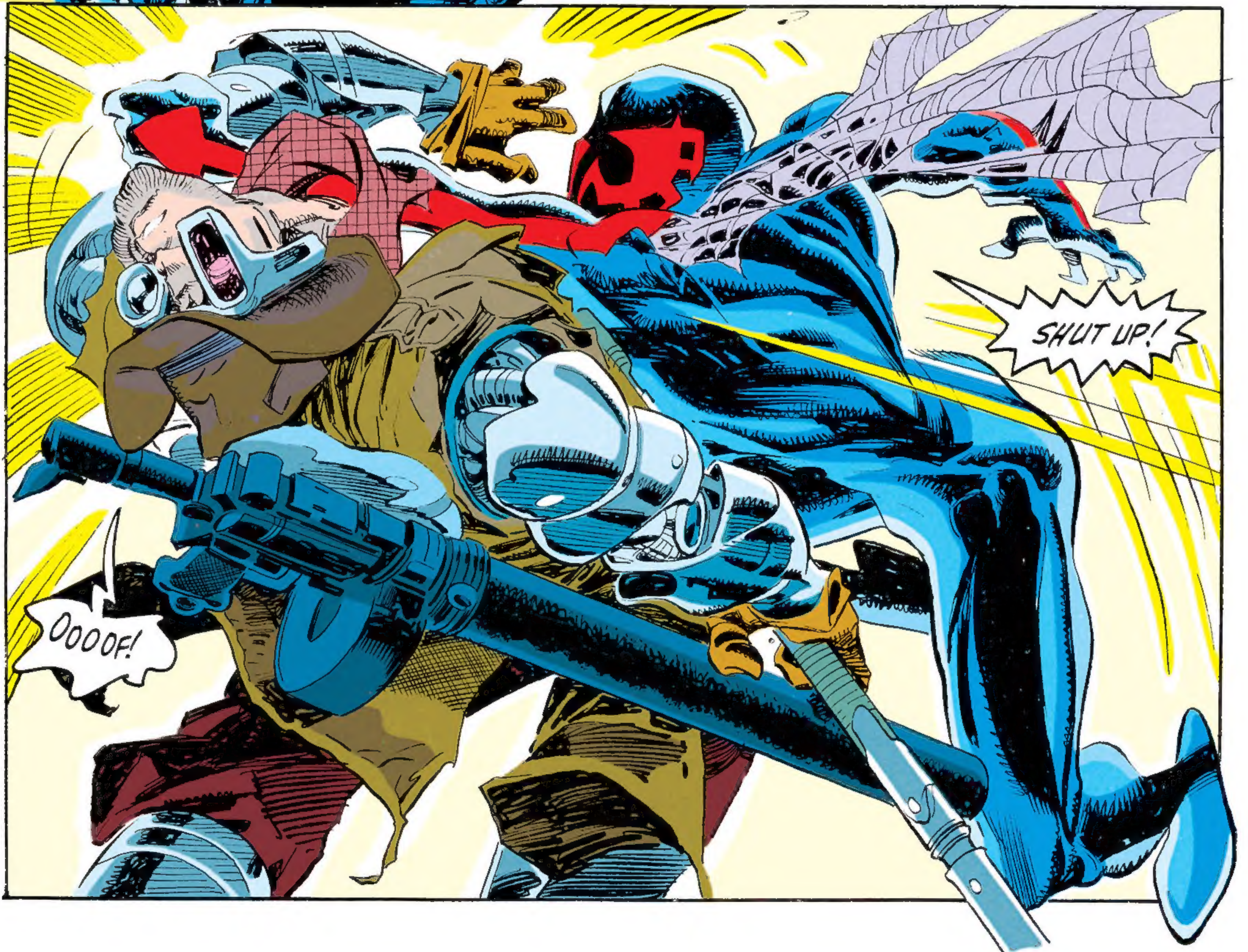
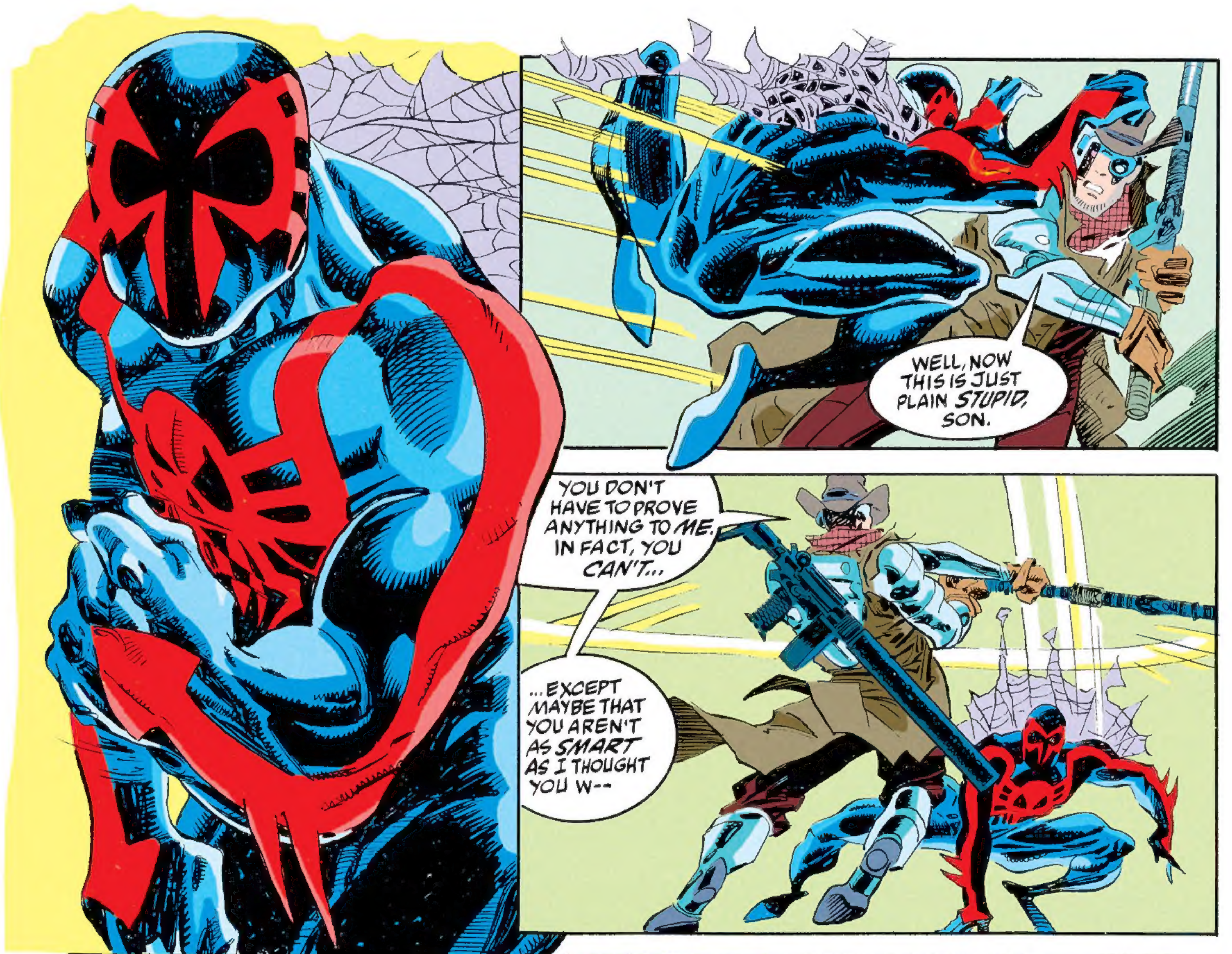


MAYBE... MAYBE ALCHEMAX WILL GIVE ME A *BREAK*. MAYBE IF I SURRENDER, WE CAN WORK THINGS OUT. I CAN TALK TO THEM. *TALKING'S* MY STRONG SUIT, NOT HEROICS.

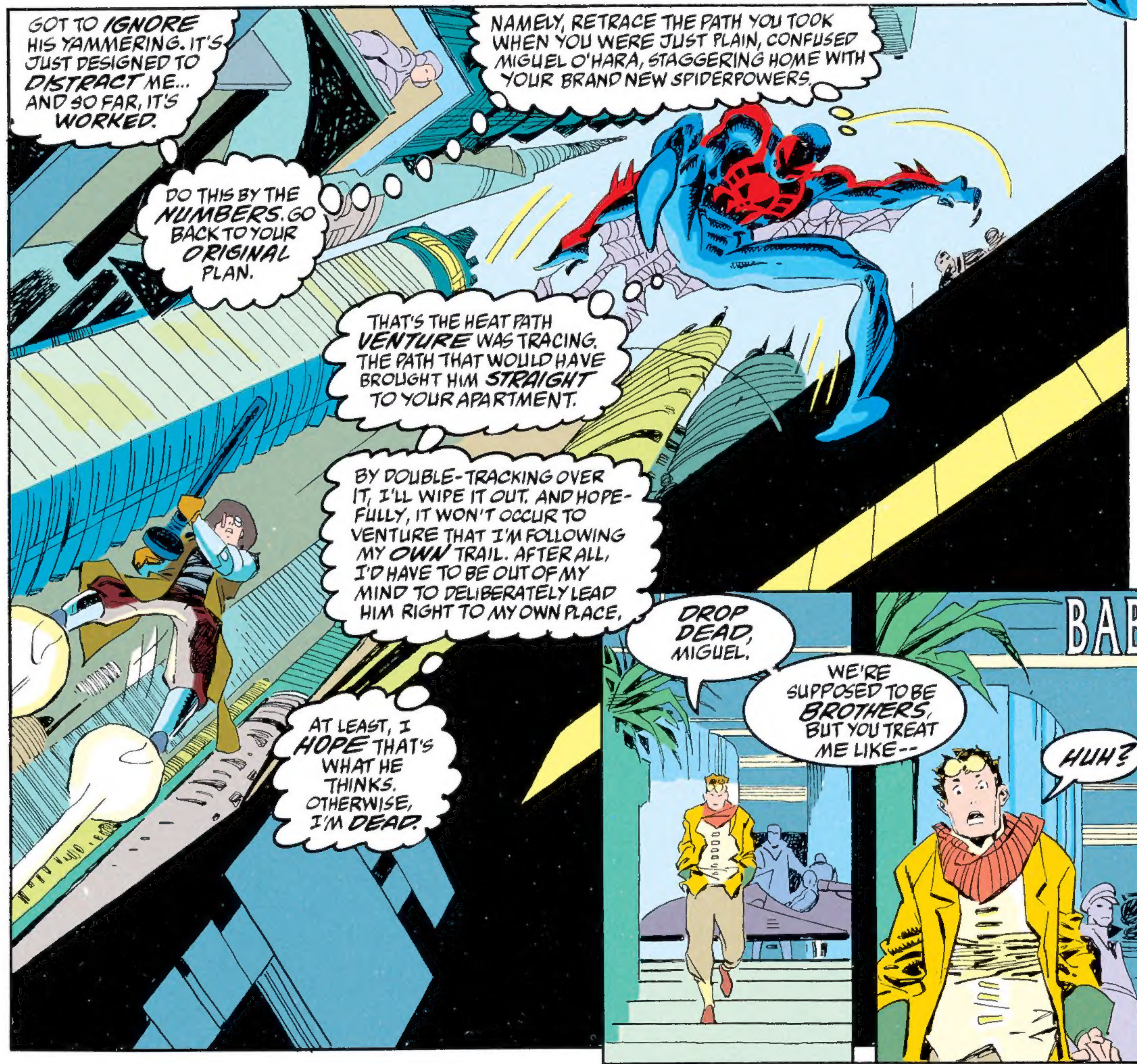
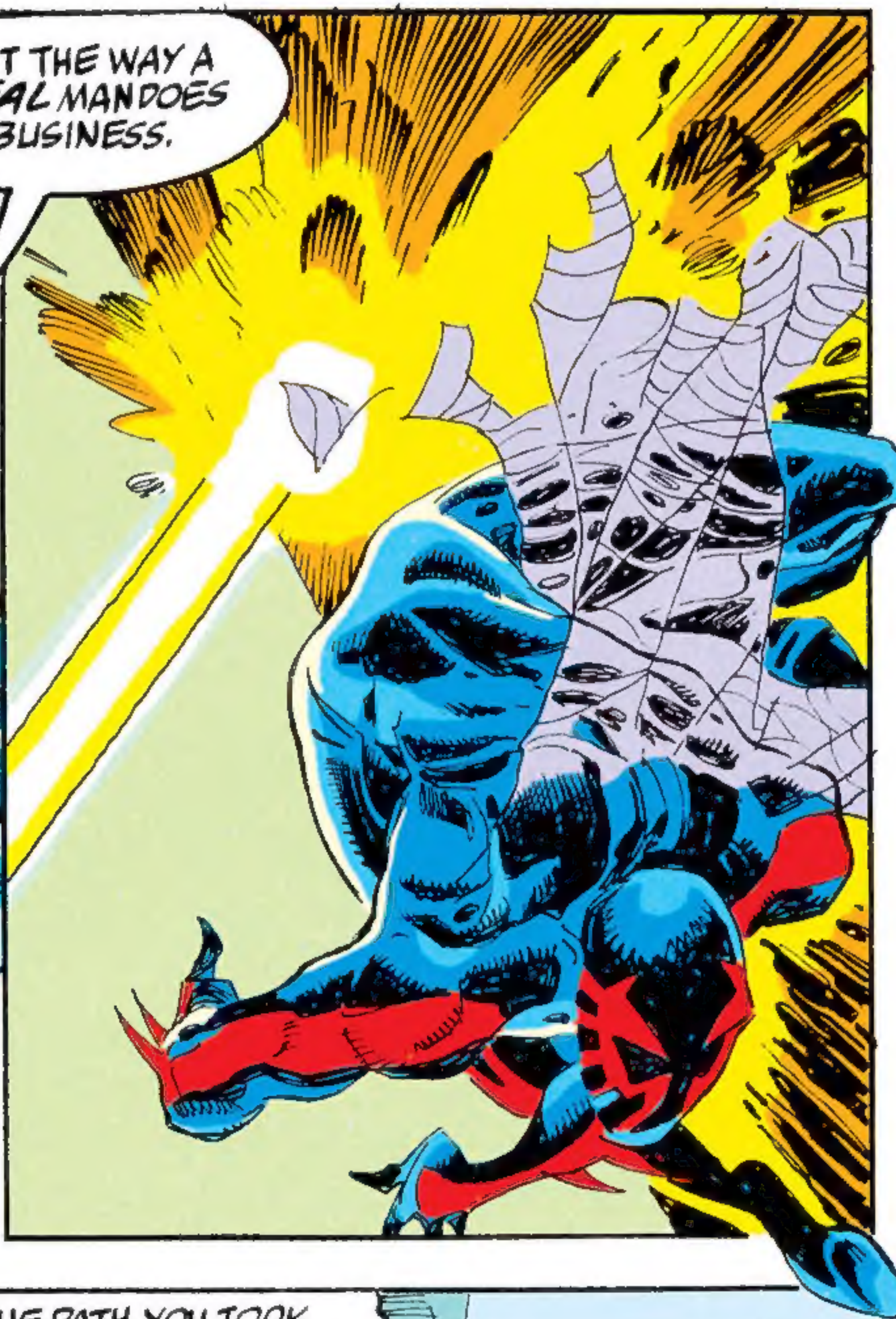
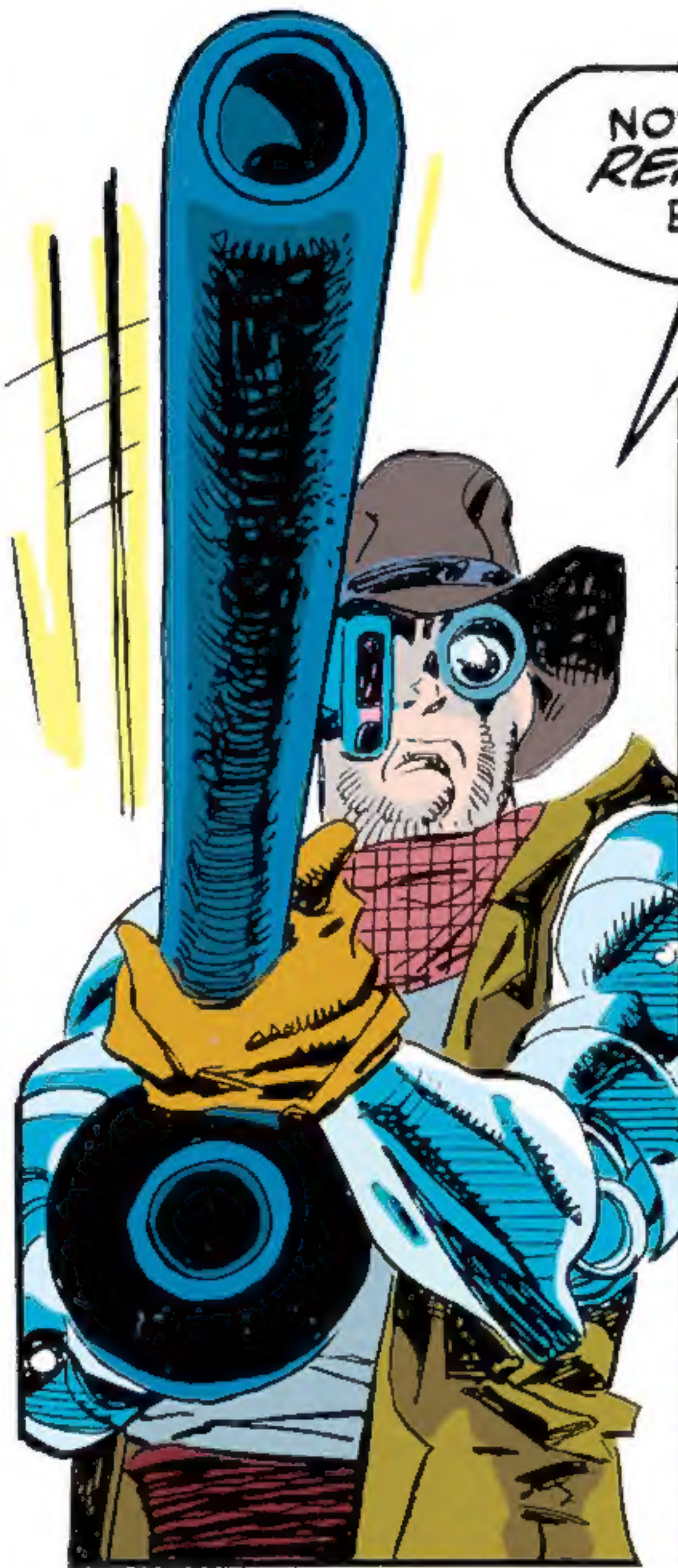
STILL CAN'T MOVE MY RIGHT ARM. MY LEFT ARM ITCHES SOMETHING *FIERCE*. ENOUGH'S ENOUGH. TIME TO PACK IT IN AND GIVE UP--











GOT TO IGNORE HIS YAMMERING. IT'S JUST DESIGNED TO **DISTRACT** ME... AND SO FAR, IT'S **WORKED**.

DO THIS BY THE **NUMBERS**. GO BACK TO YOUR **ORIGINAL PLAN**.

THAT'S THE **HEAT PATH VENTURE** WAS TRACING. THE PATH THAT WOULD HAVE BROUGHT HIM **STRAIGHT** TO YOUR APARTMENT.

BY DOUBLE-TRACKING OVER IT, I'LL WIPE IT OUT. AND HOPEFULLY, IT WON'T OCCUR TO VENTURE THAT I'M FOLLOWING MY **OWN** TRAIL. AFTER ALL, I'D HAVE TO BE OUT OF MY MIND TO DELIBERATELY LEAD HIM RIGHT TO MY OWN PLACE.

AT LEAST, I **HOPE** THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS. OTHERWISE, I'M **DEAD**.

NAMELY, RETRACE THE PATH YOU TOOK WHEN YOU WERE JUST PLAIN, CONFUSED MIGUEL O'HARA, STAGGERING HOME WITH YOUR BRAND NEW SPIDERPOWERS.

**DROP DEAD, MIGUEL.**

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE **BROTHERS**, BUT YOU TREAT ME LIKE --

**HUH?**

**BAB**





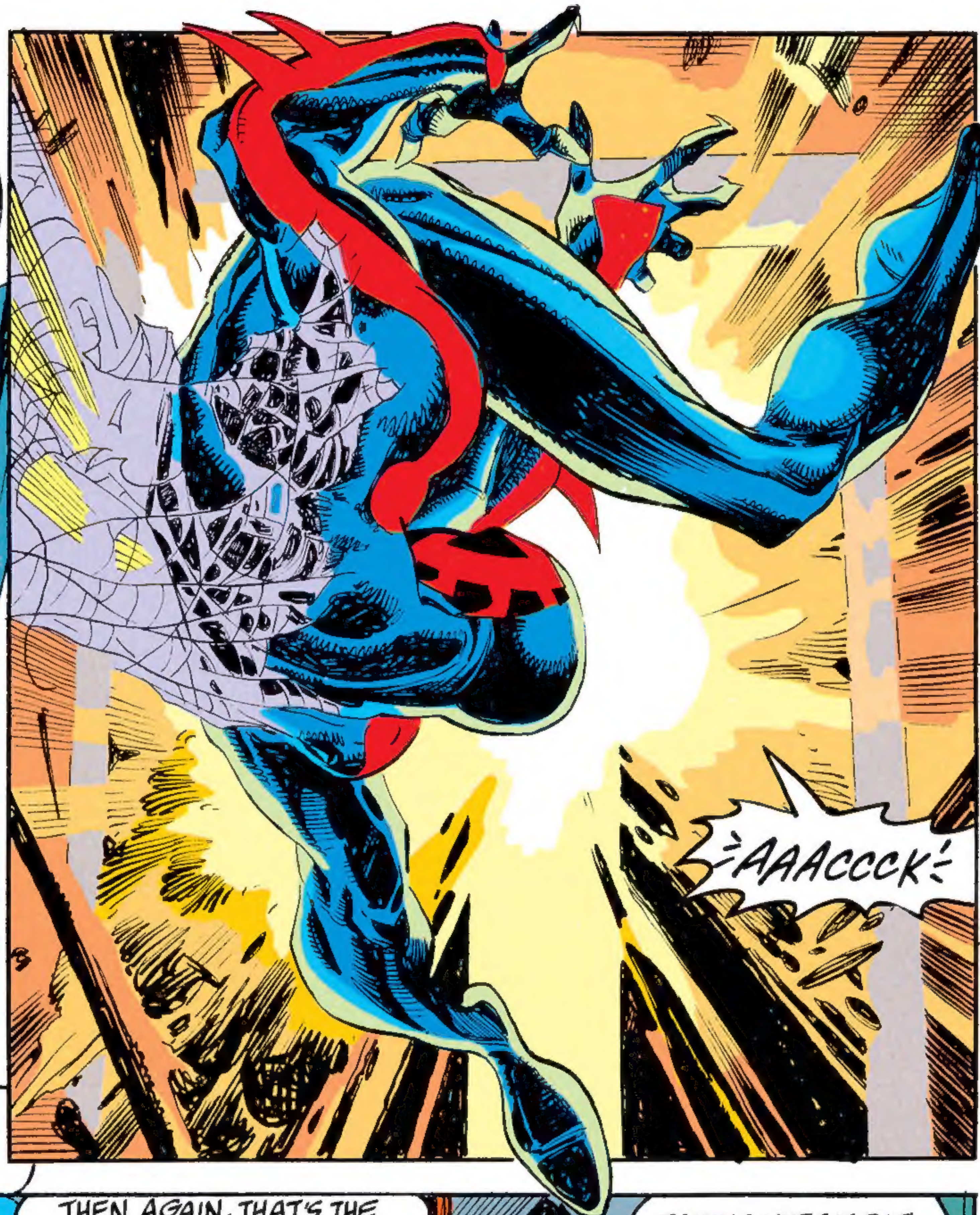




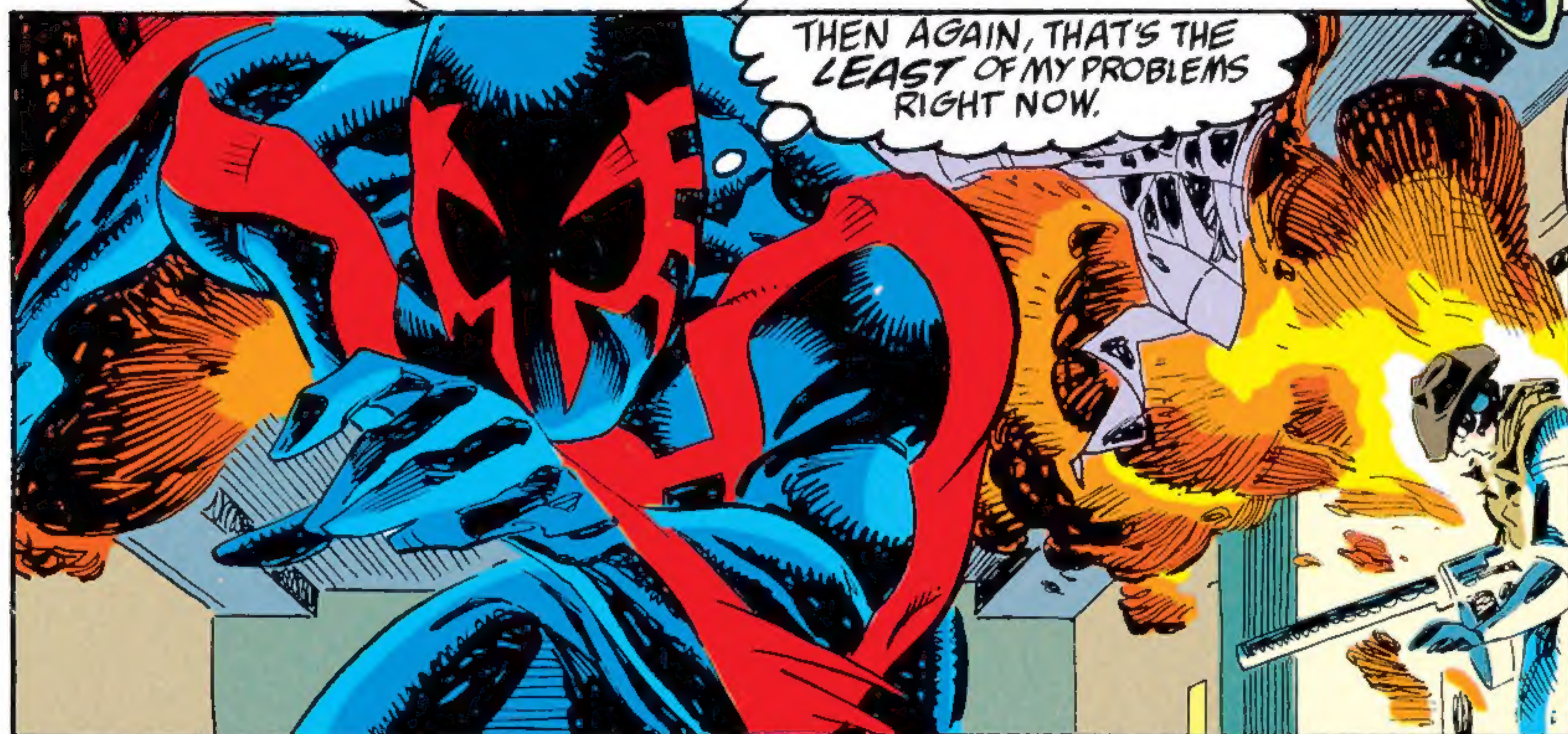
I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT IN THIS COSTUME. WEARING IT IN MEXICO FOR THE "DAY OF THE DEAD" FESTIVAL WAS ONE THING, BUT THIS...



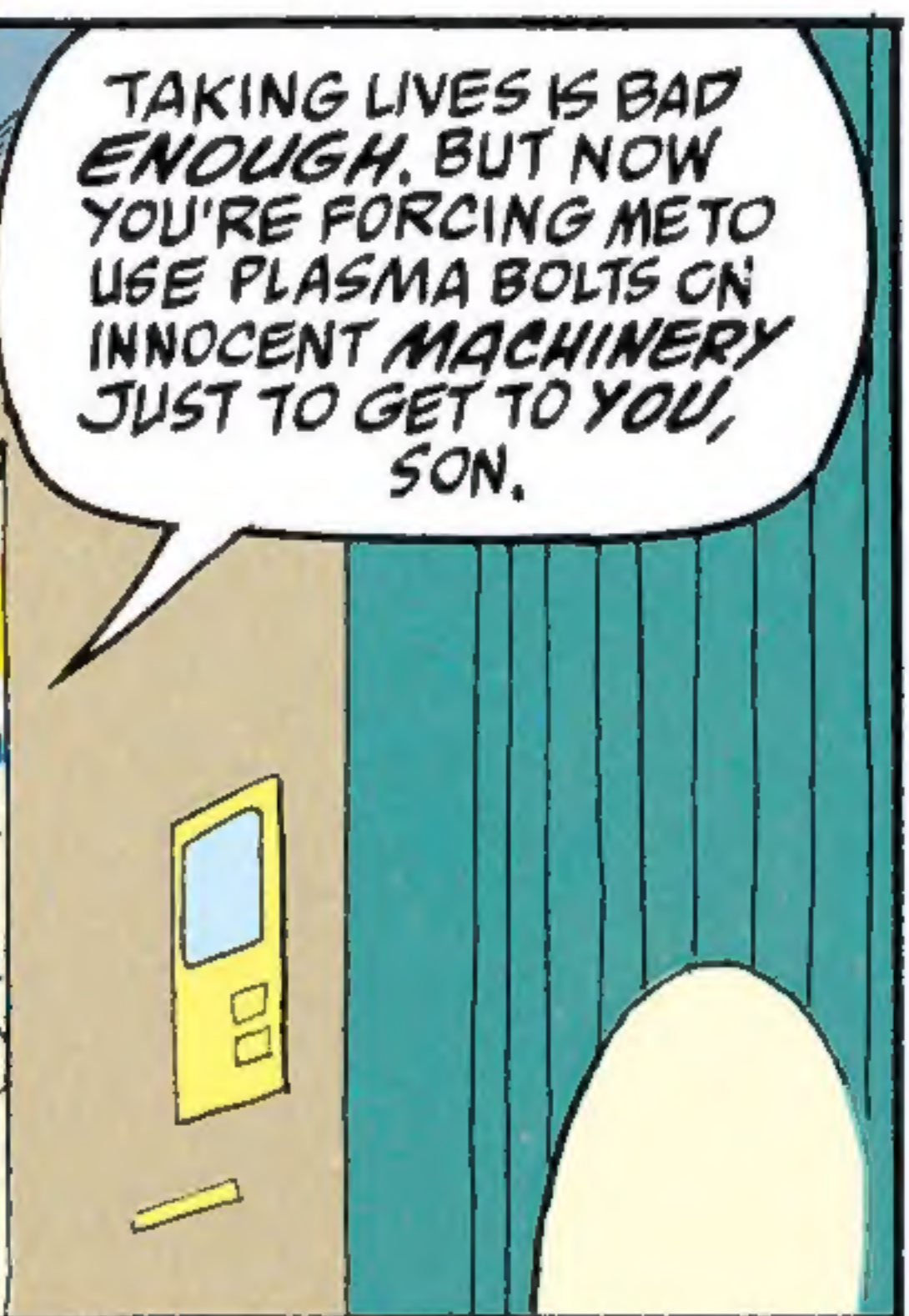
I HOPE NOBODY RECOGNIZES ME.



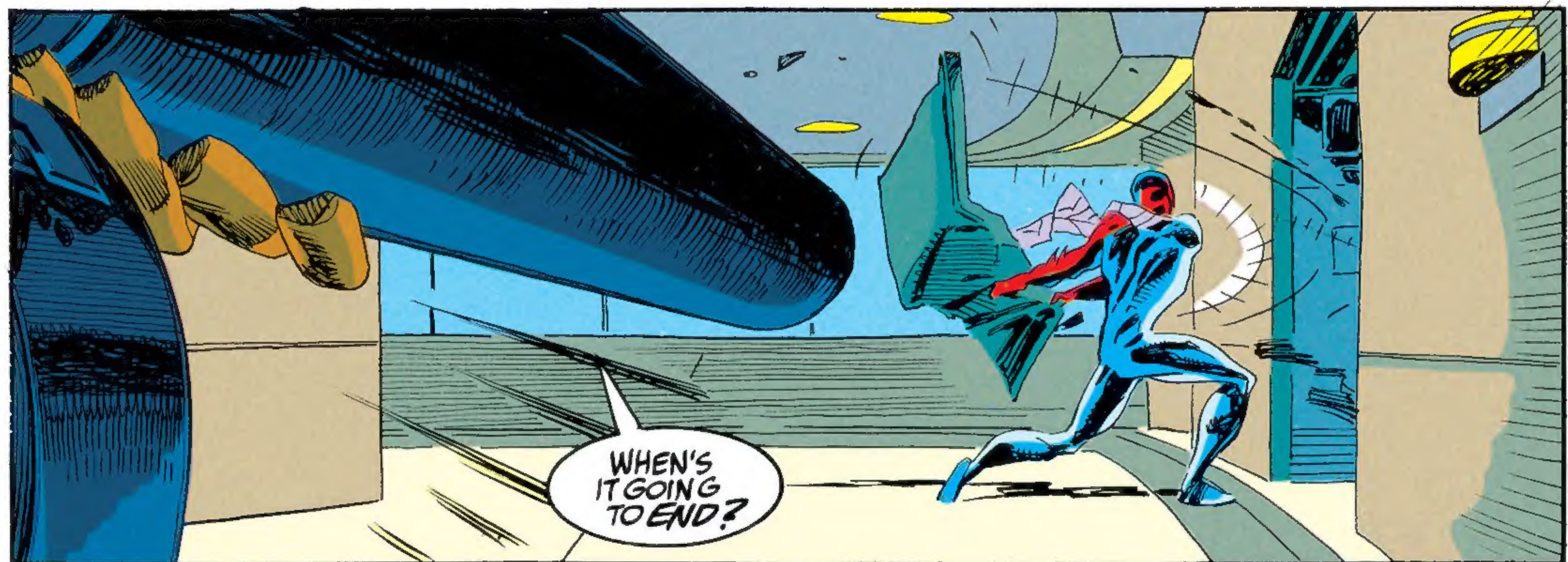
AAACCK!



THEN AGAIN, THAT'S THE LEAST OF MY PROBLEMS RIGHT NOW.

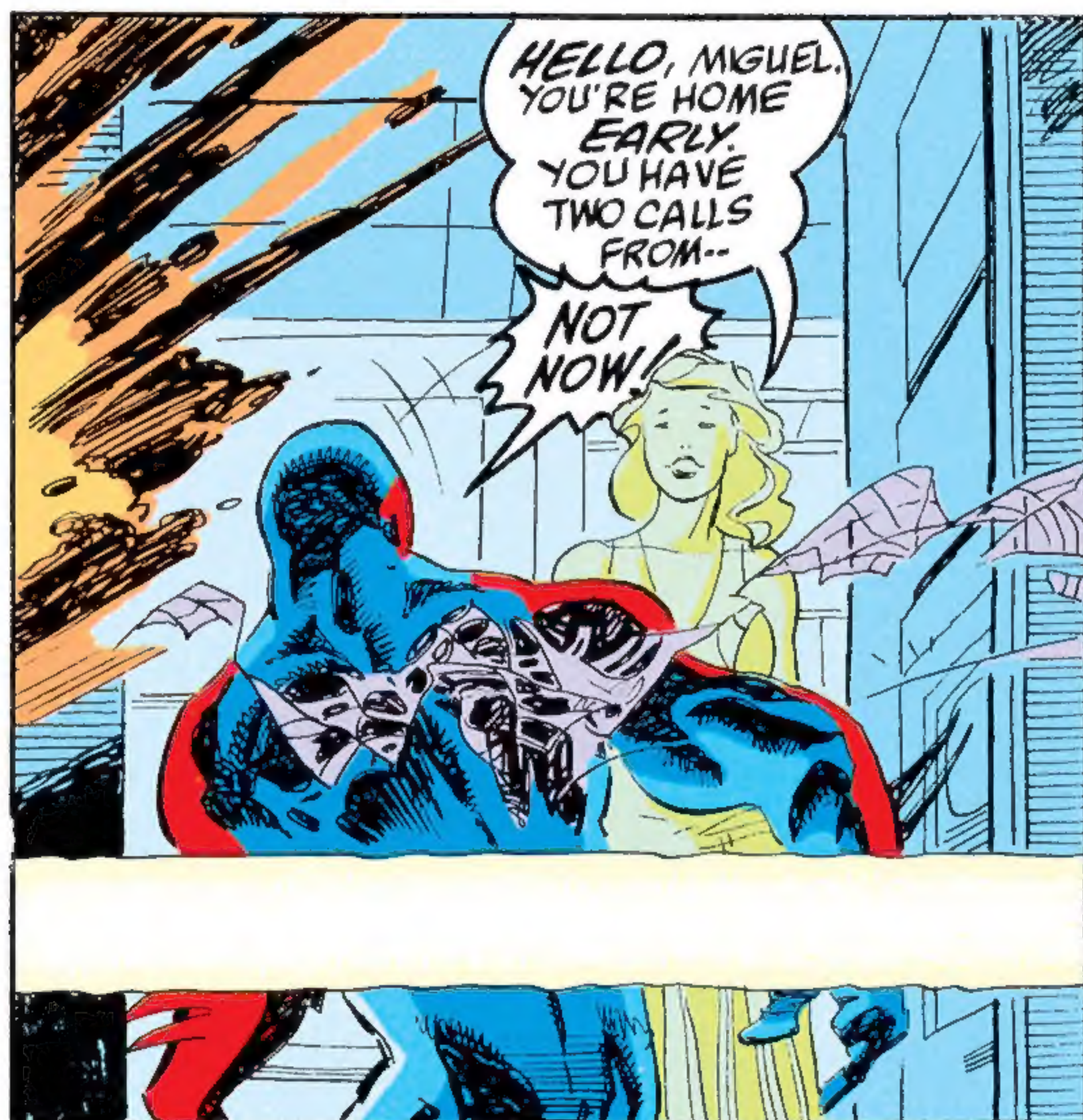


TAKING LIVES IS BAD ENOUGH. BUT NOW YOU'RE FORCING ME TO USE PLASMA BOLTS ON INNOCENT MACHINERY JUST TO GET TO YOU, SON.



WHEN'S IT GOING TO END?





HELLO, MIGUEL.  
YOU'RE HOME  
EARLY.  
YOU HAVE  
TWO CALLS  
FROM--  
NOT  
NOW!



LYLA, LISTEN! I WANT YOU  
TO POINT RIGHT THERE AND  
REPEAT AFTER ME:

"THERE WAS A  
HORRIBLE MAN IN  
BLACK! AND HE  
WENT THROUGH  
THERE!"

OKAY,  
LYLA?  
GOOD  
GIRL!



THERE WAS A  
HORRIBLE MAN  
IN BLACK!



AND HE WENT  
THROUGH THERE!

I CAN SEE  
THAT.  
THANKS.



OKAY,  
LYLA?

GOOD  
GIRL!

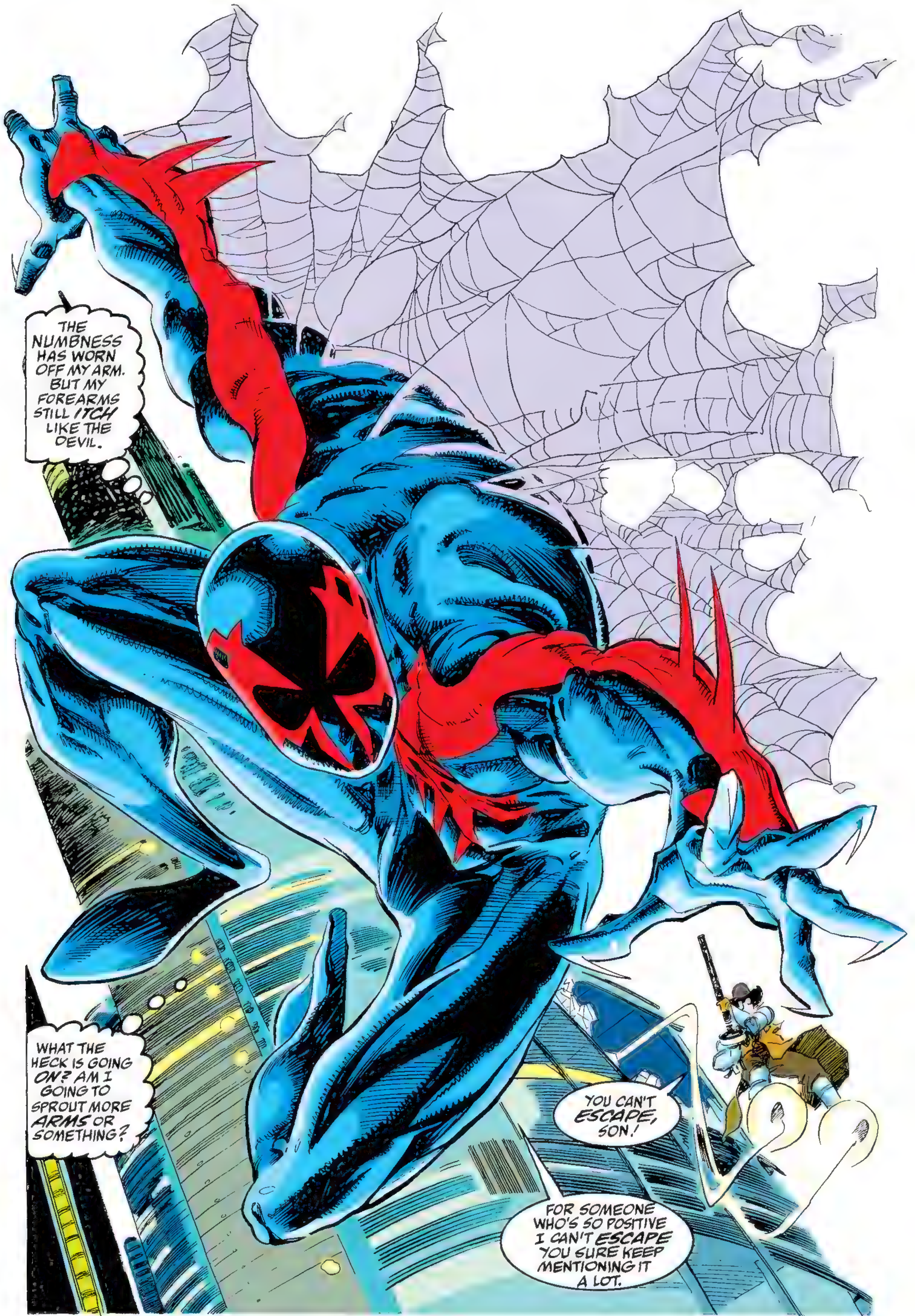


HOLEEE  
SHOCK.

THEY BOTH  
WENT RIGHT  
UP THE  
ELEVATOR  
SHAFT.

GOTTA GET UP  
TO MIGUEL'S  
PLACE... FAST!





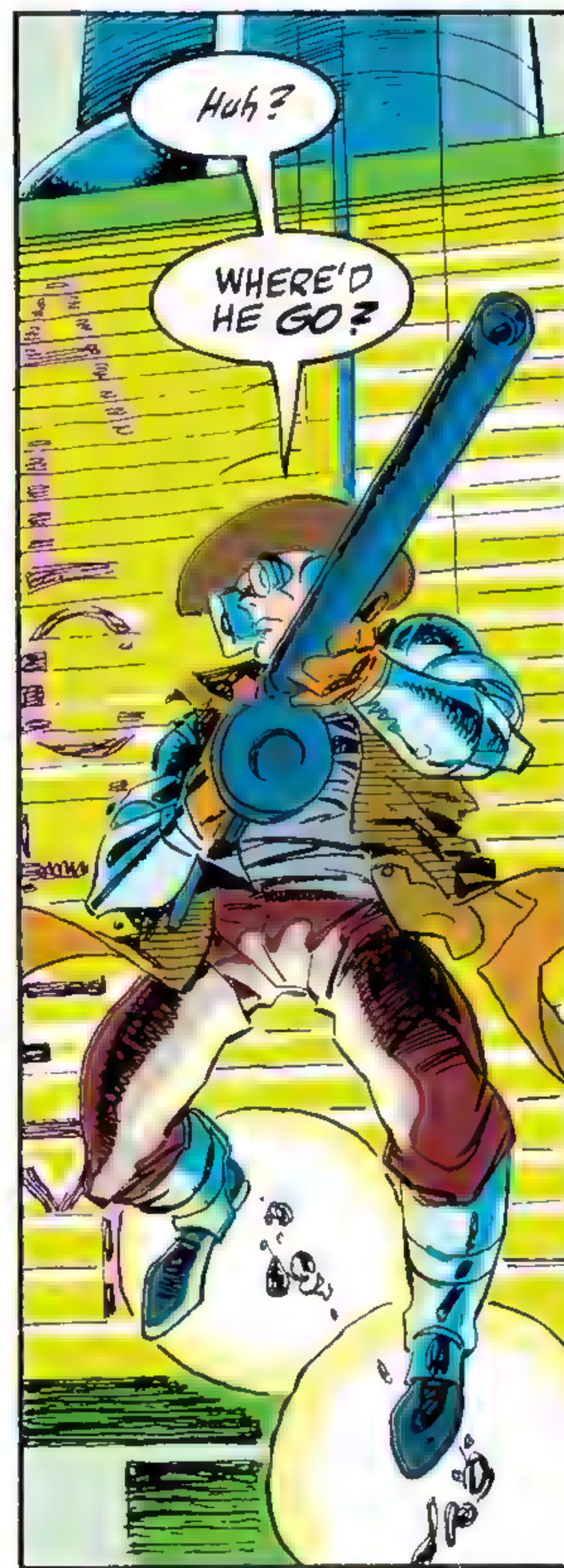
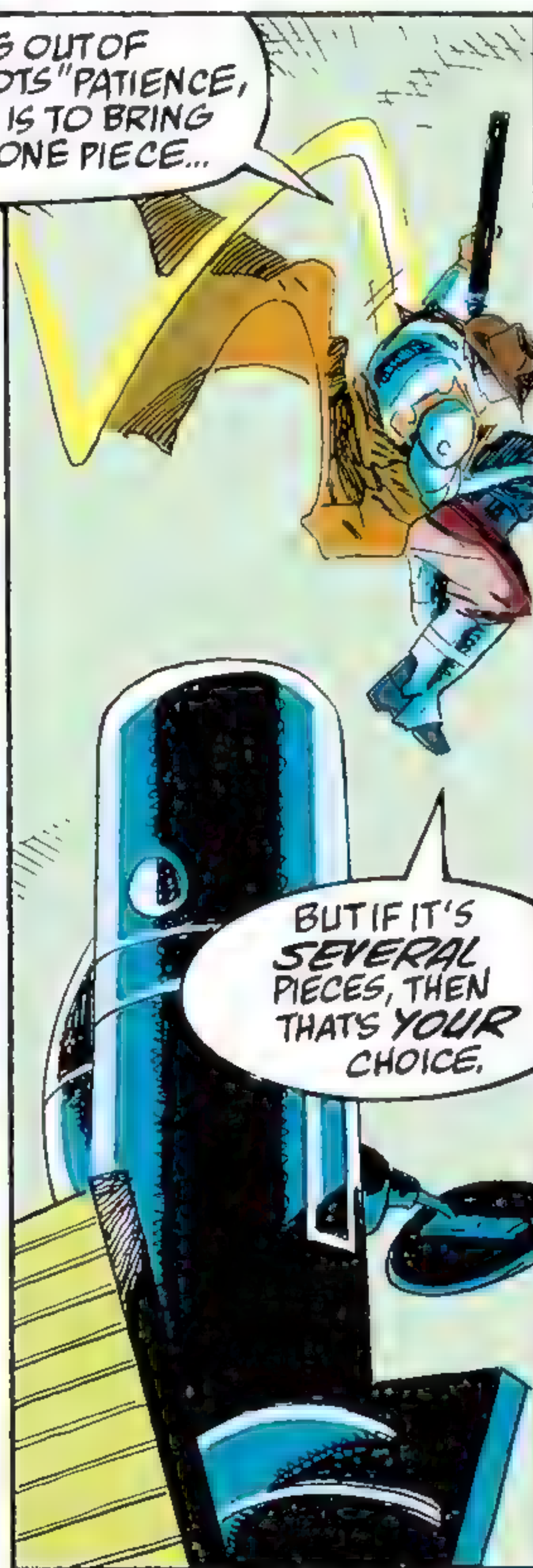
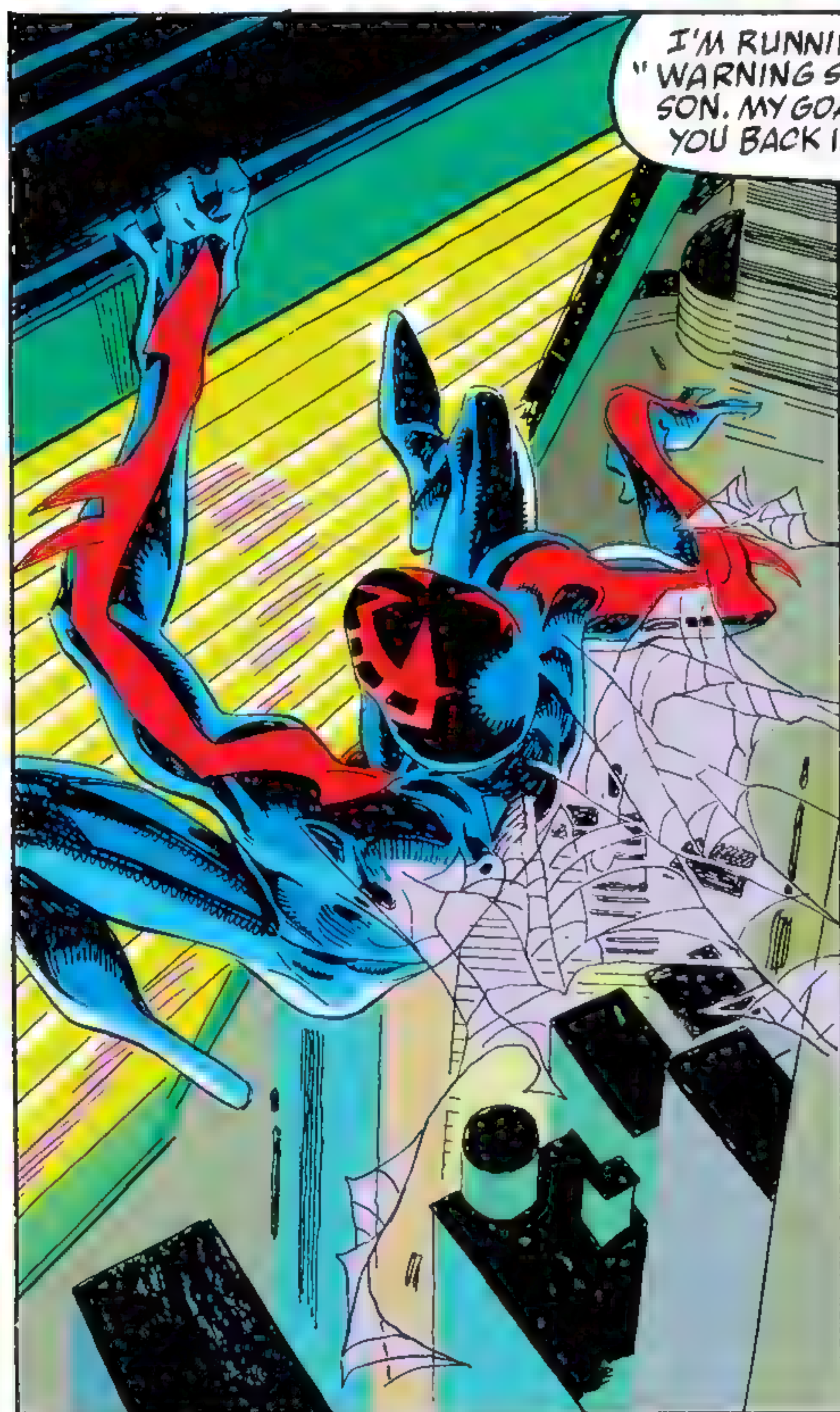
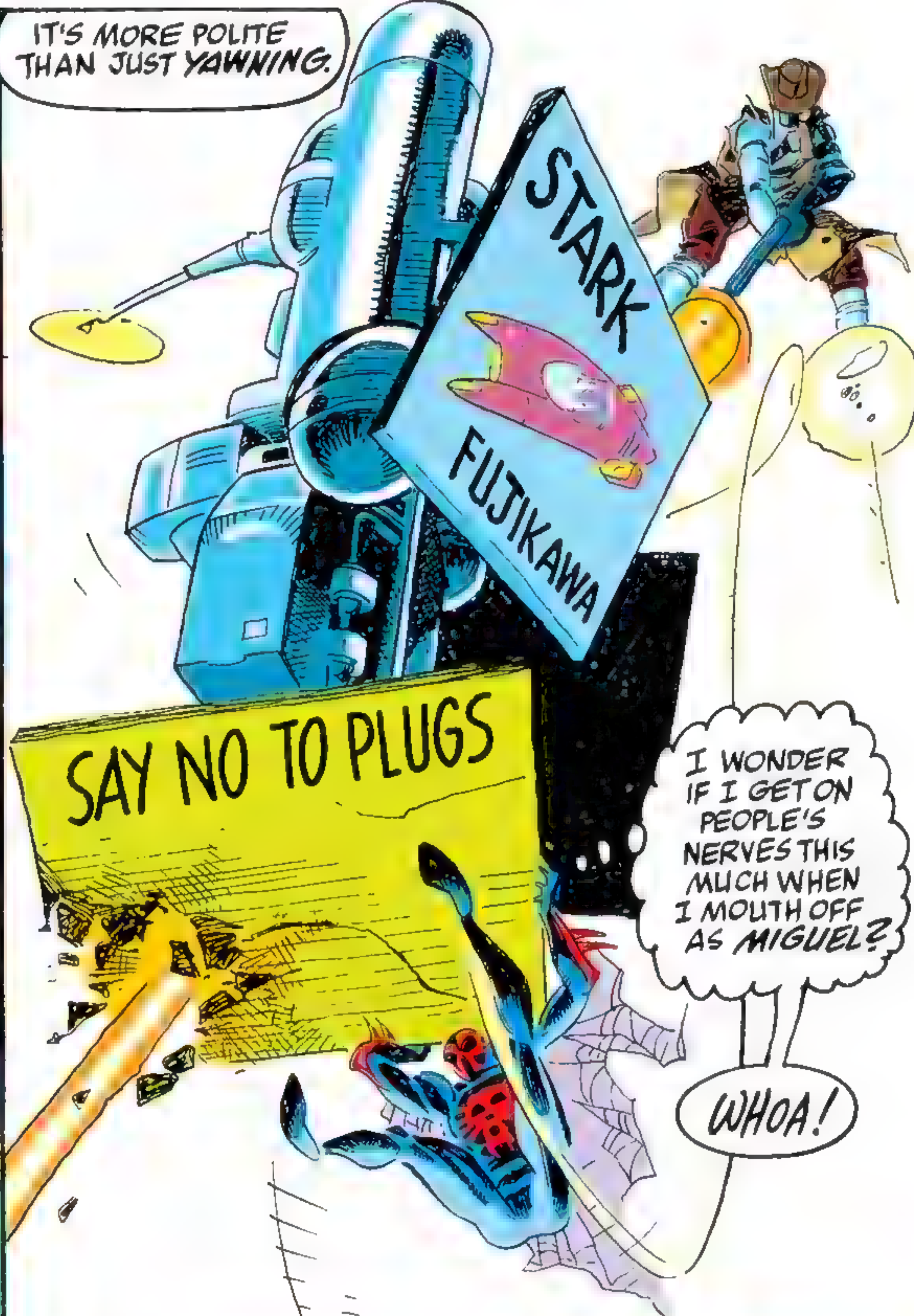
THE  
NUMBNESS  
HAS WORN  
OFF MY ARM.  
BUT MY  
FOREARMS  
STILL *ITCH*  
LIKE THE  
DEVIL.

WHAT THE  
HECK IS GOING  
*ON*? AM I  
GOING TO  
SPROUT MORE  
ARMS OR  
SOMETHING?

YOU CAN'T  
*ESCAPE*,  
SON!

FOR SOMEONE  
WHO'S SO POSITIVE  
I CAN'T *ESCAPE*  
YOU SURE KEEP  
MENTIONING IT  
A LOT.

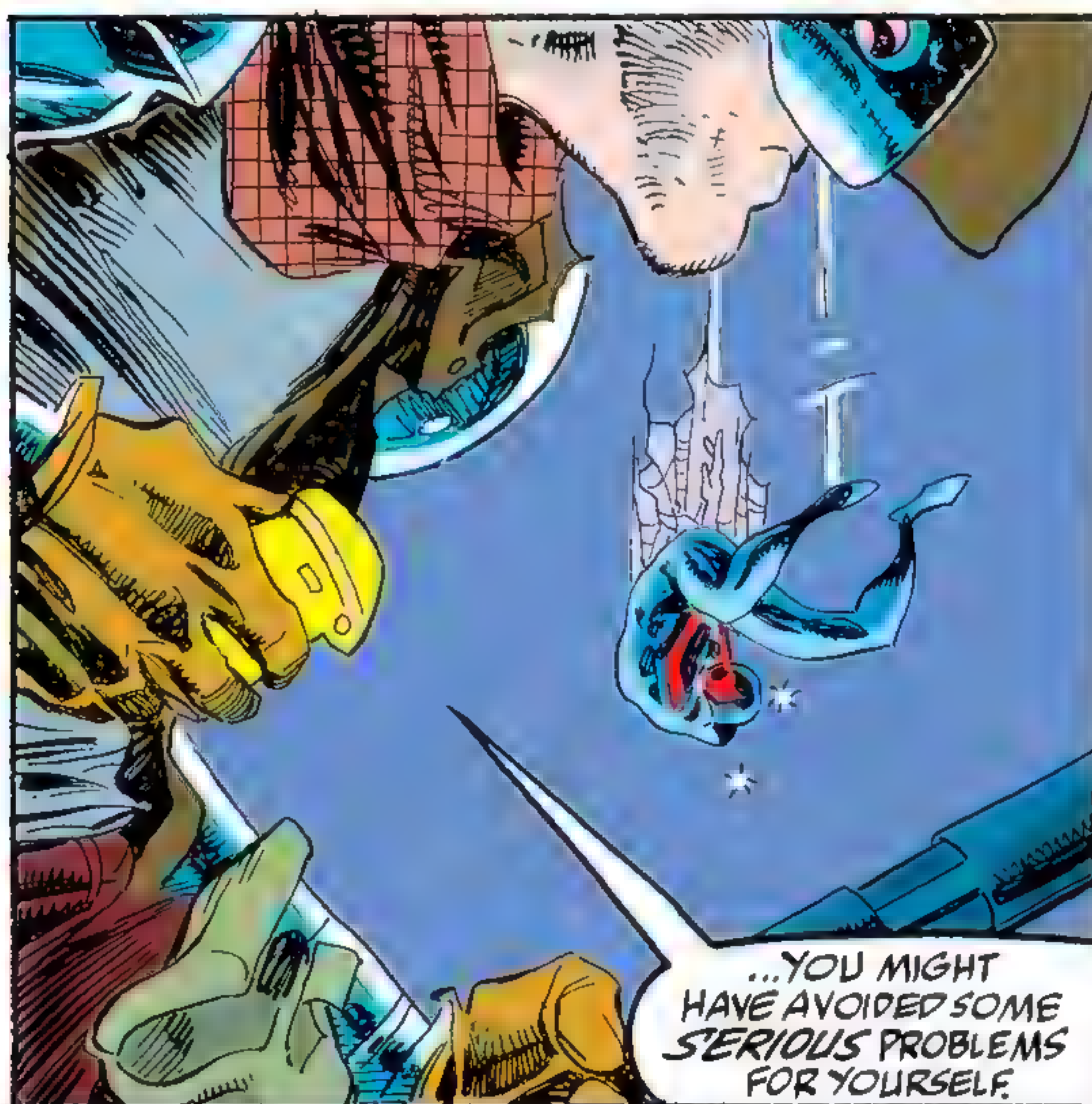




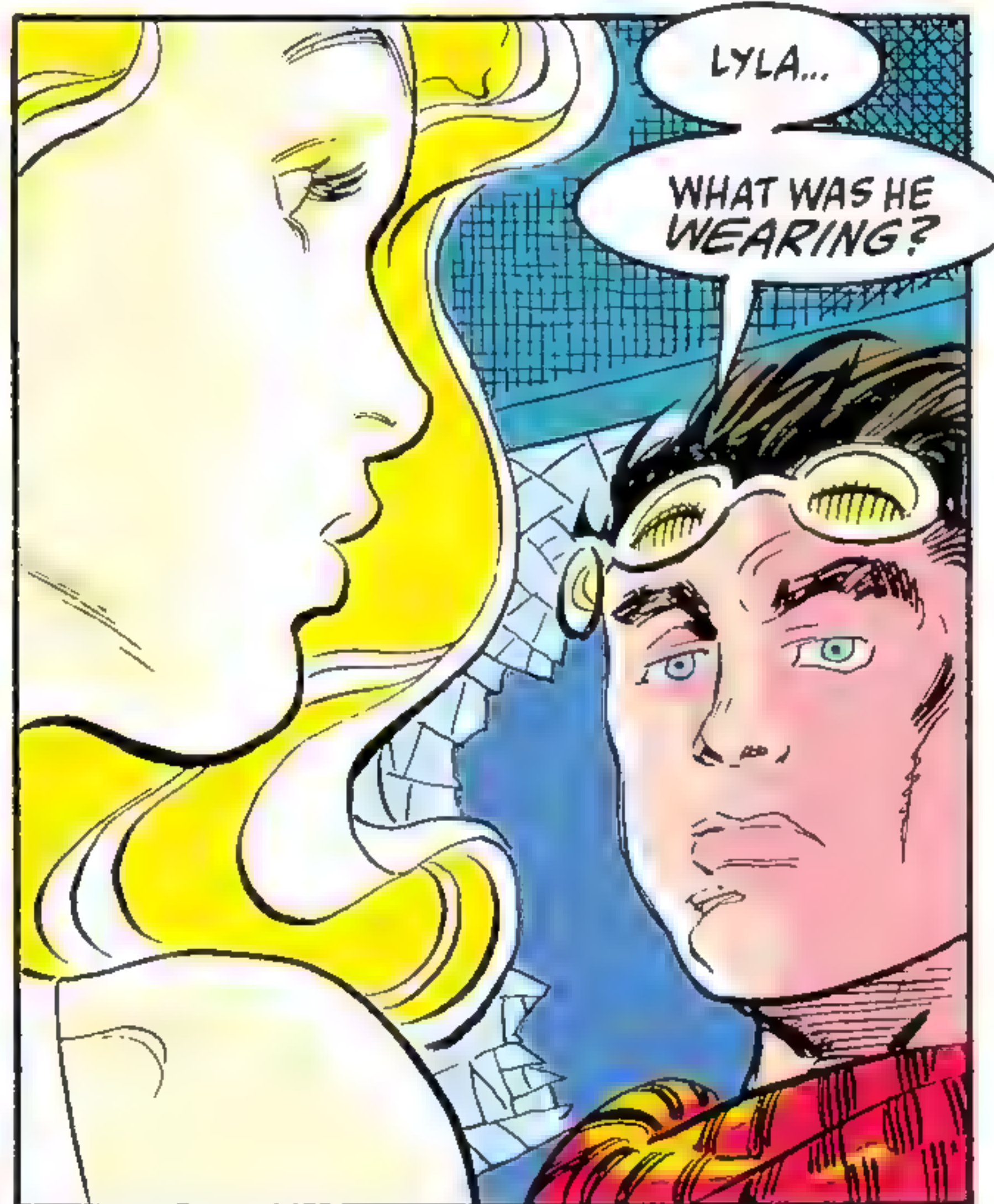
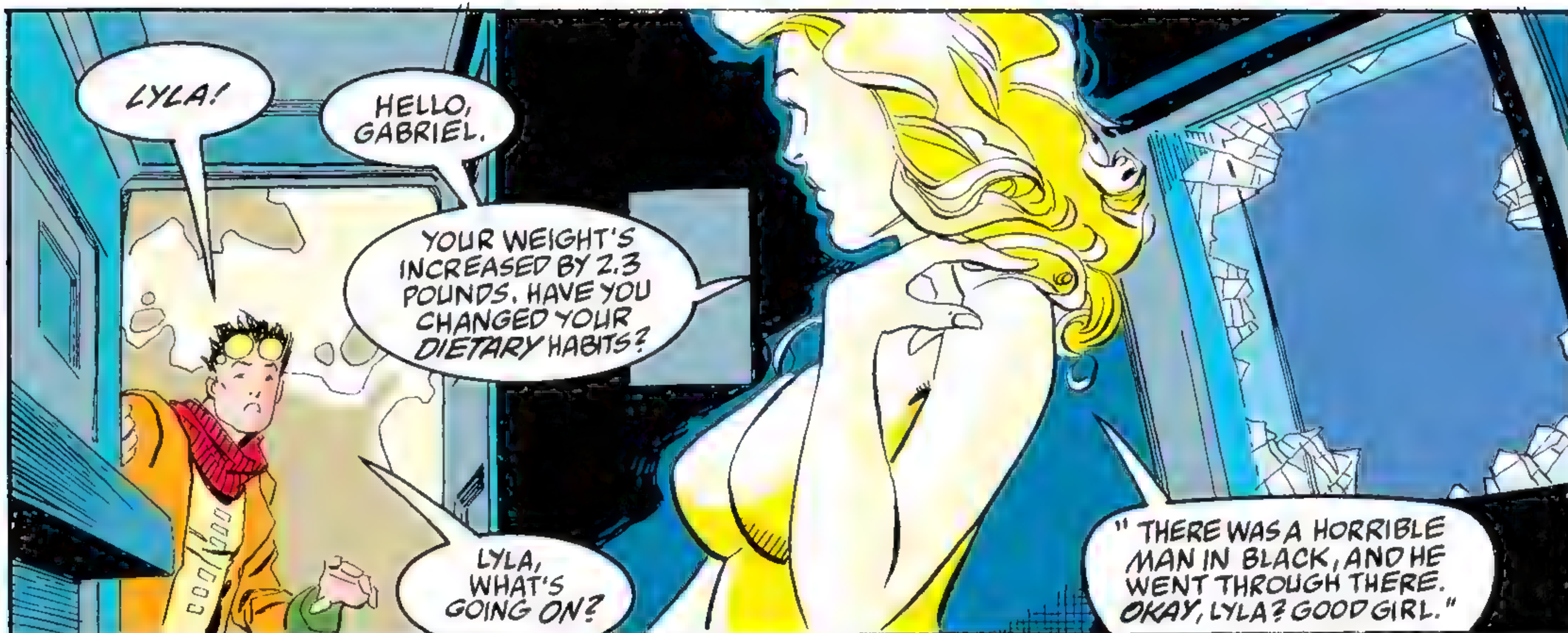




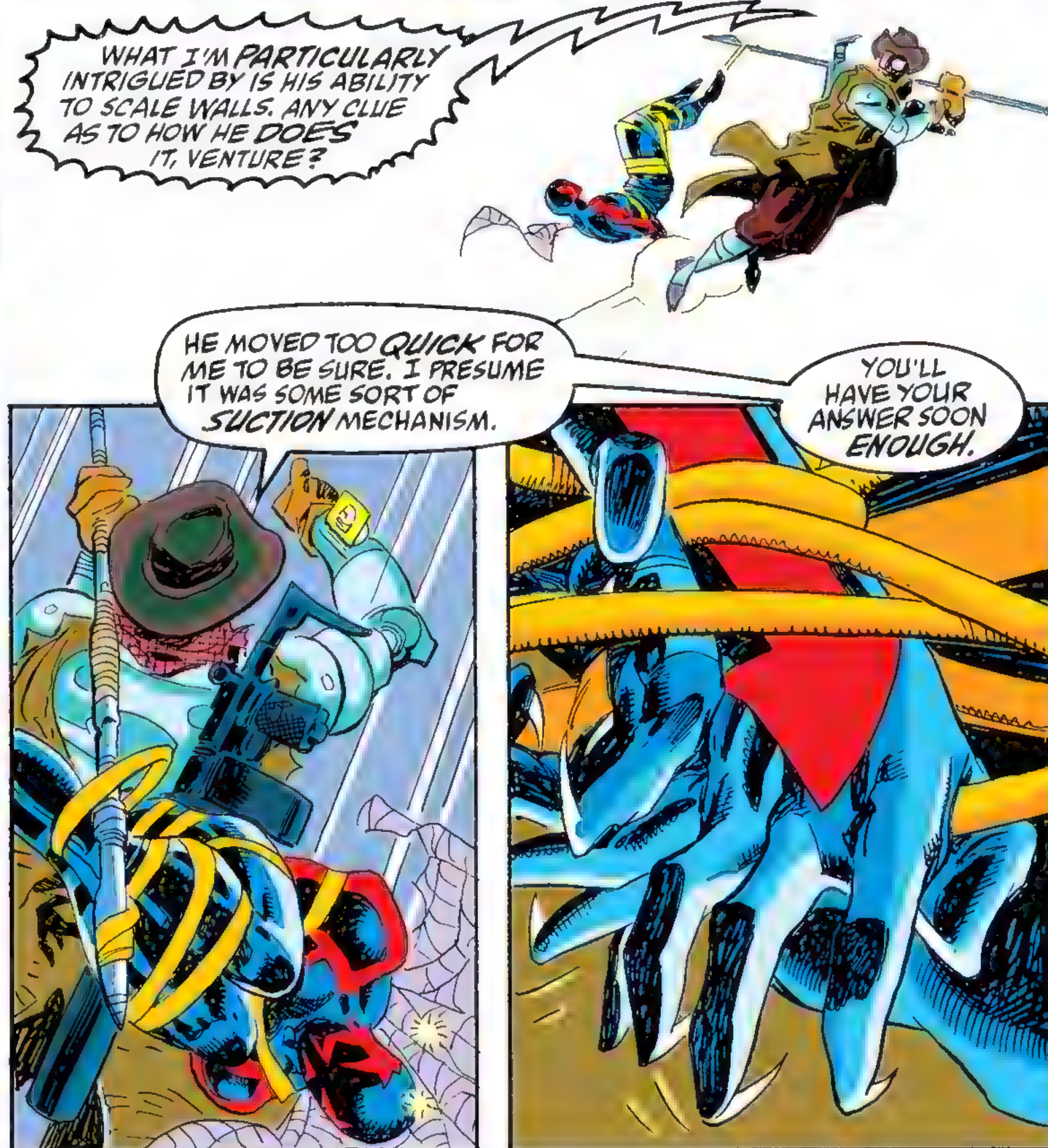
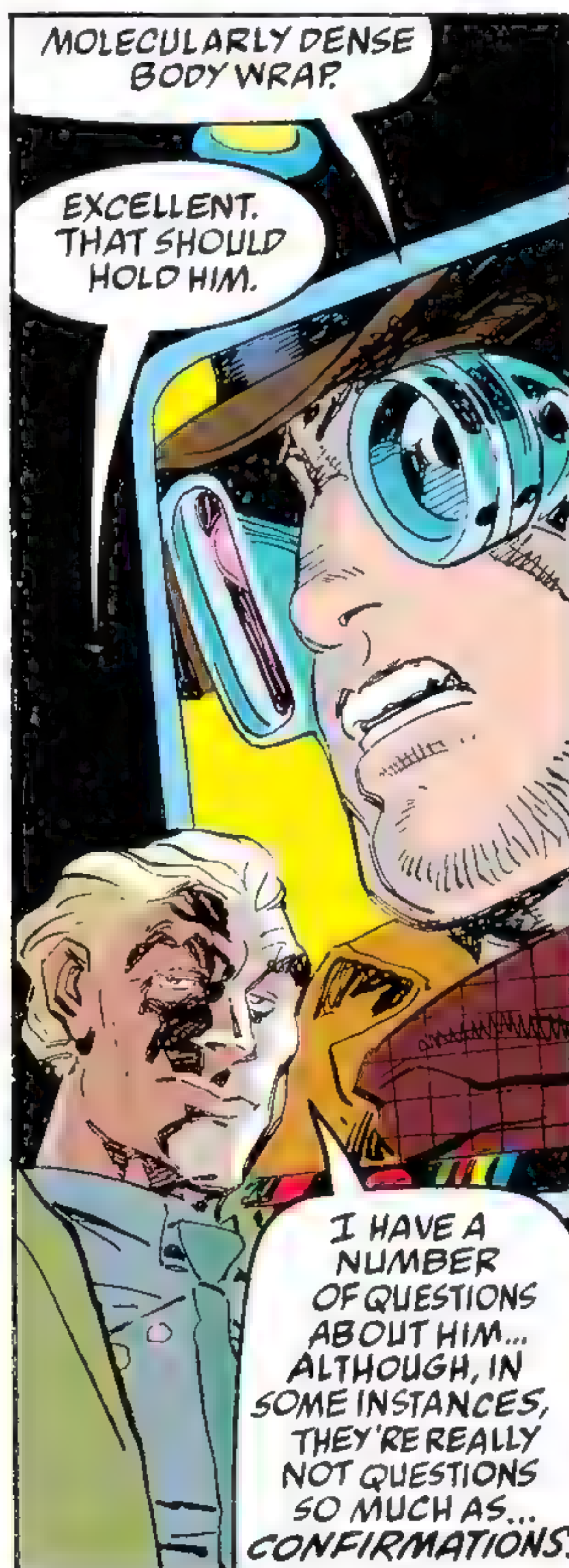
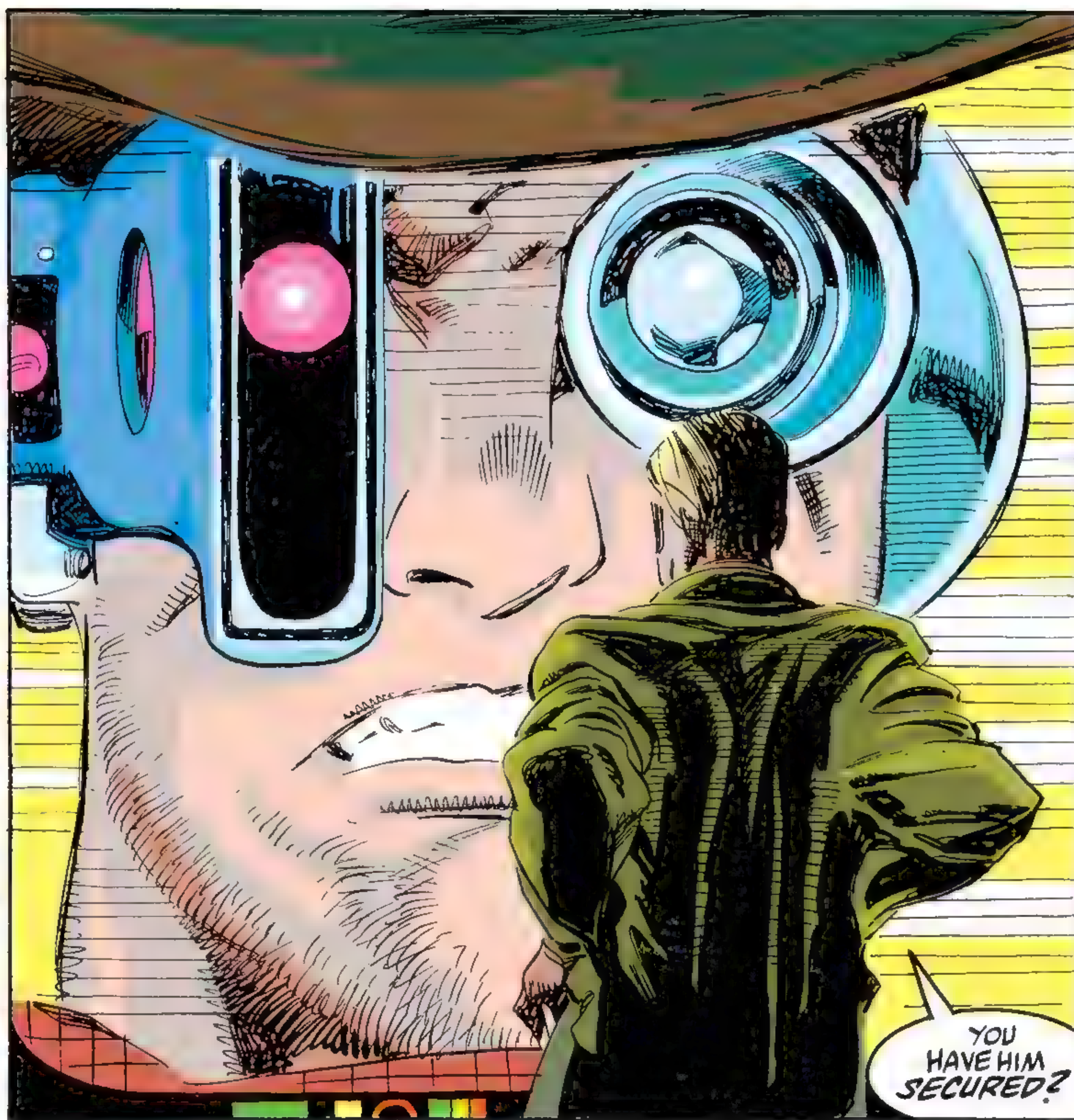




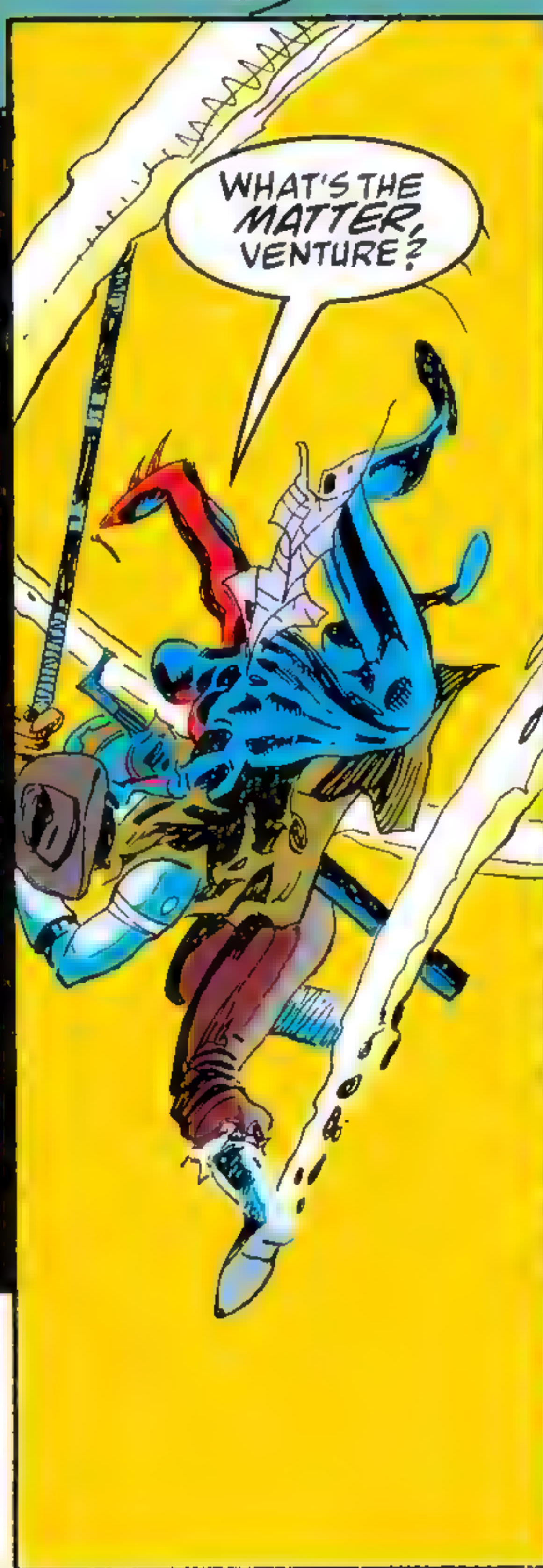
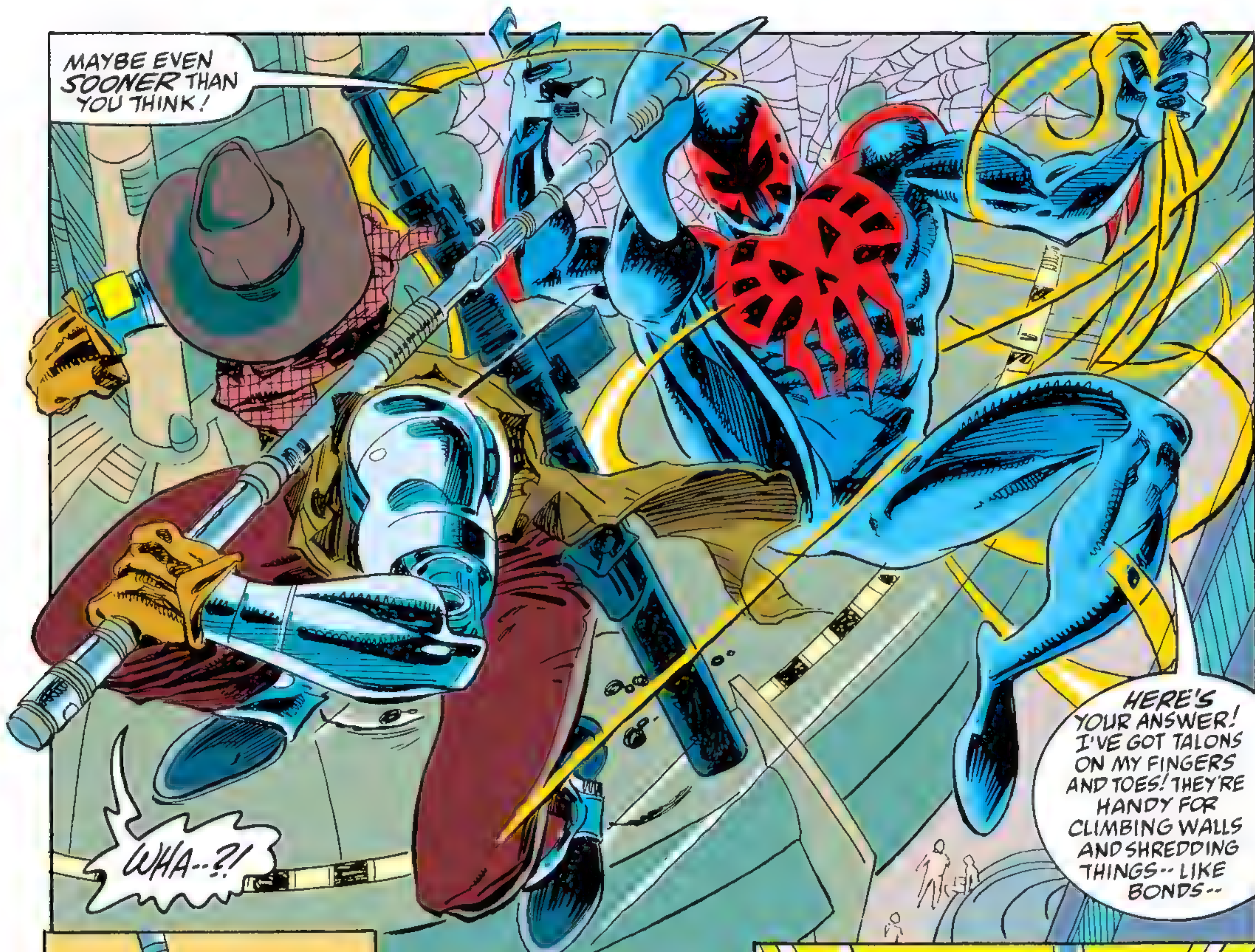




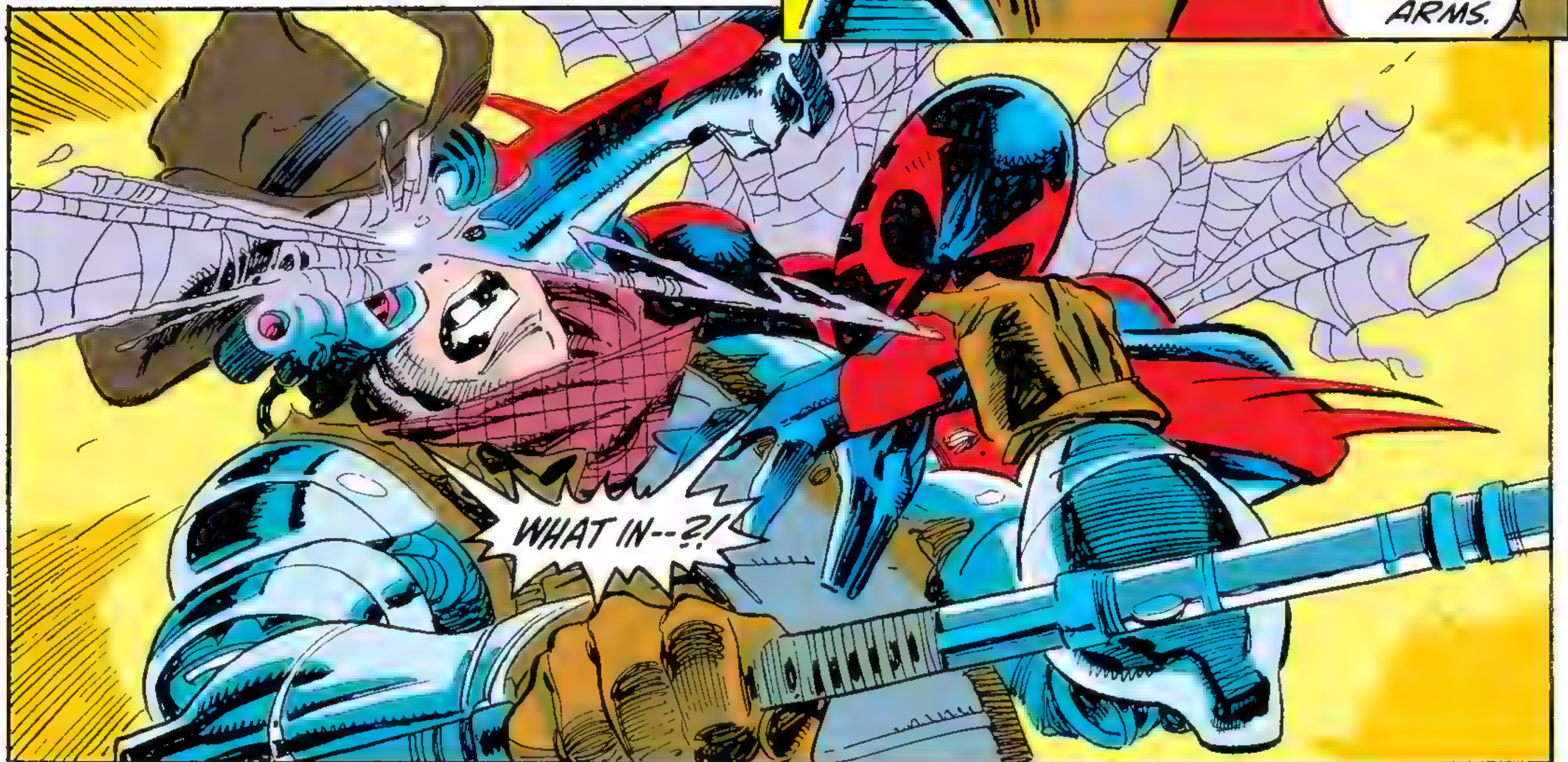
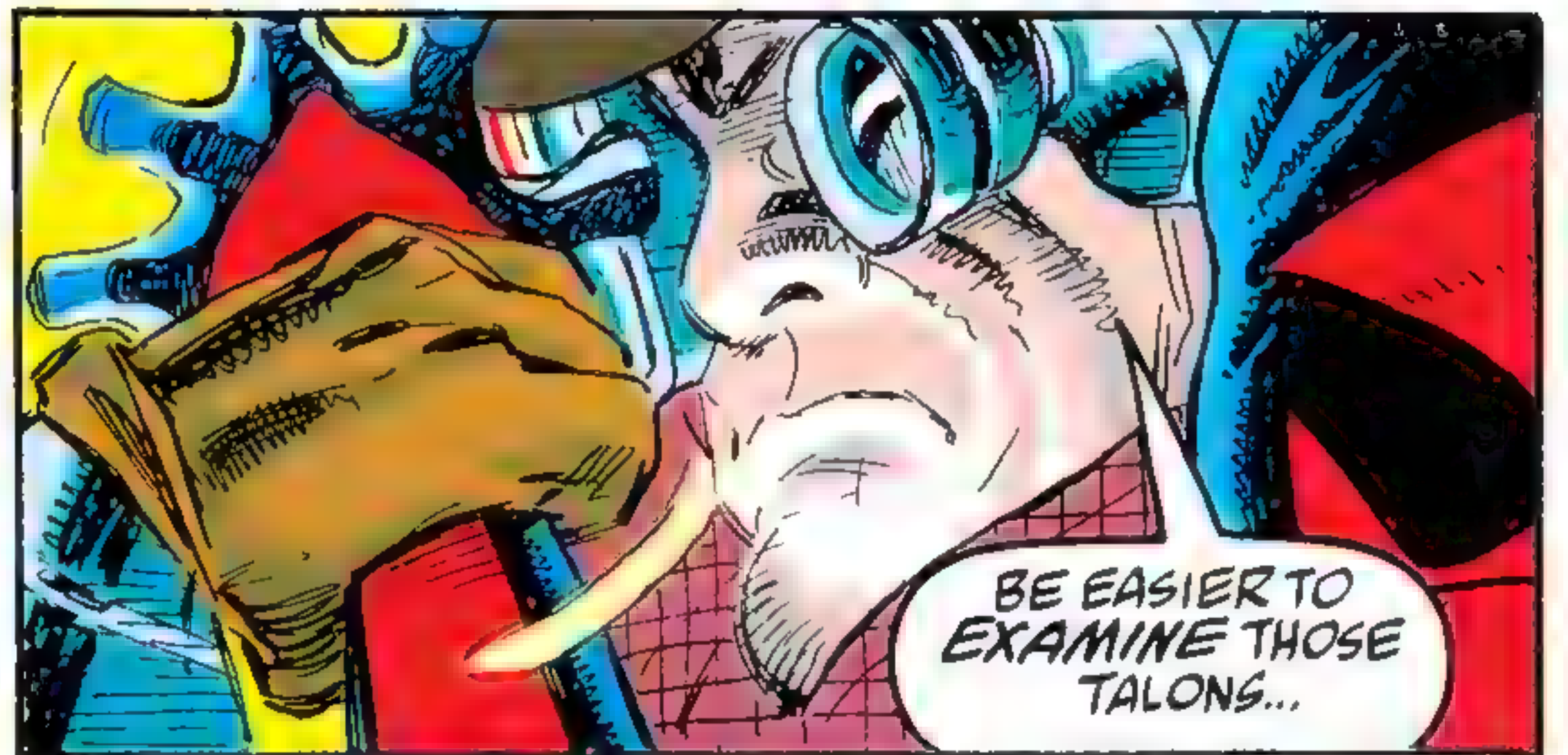




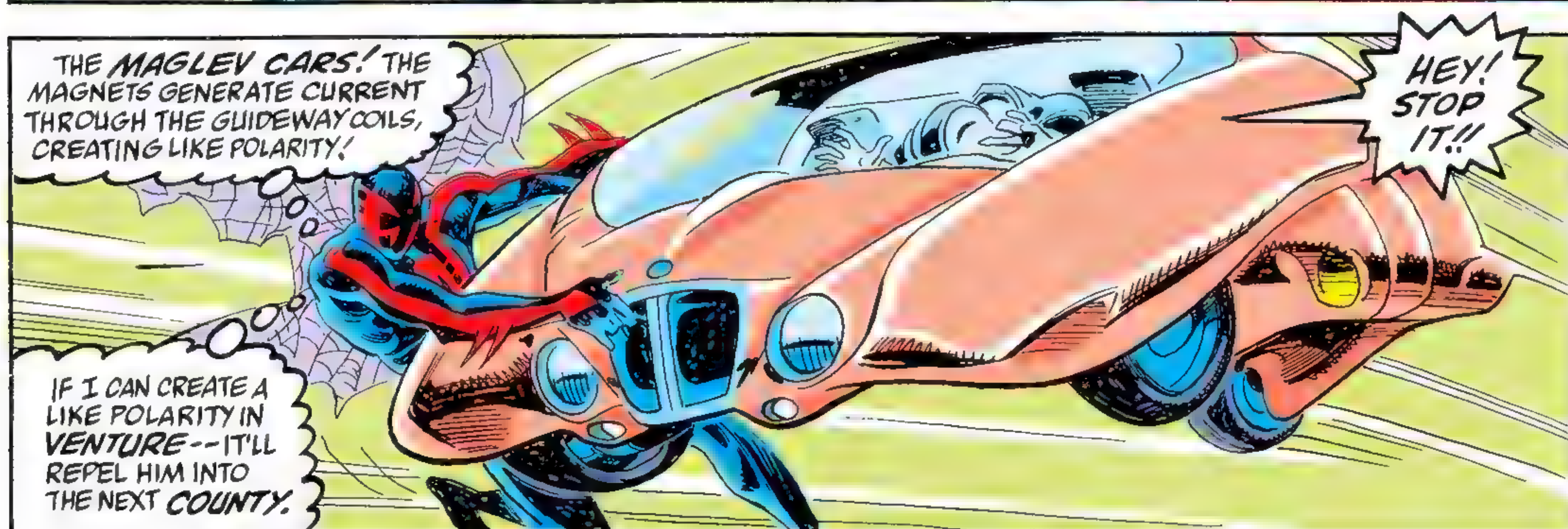
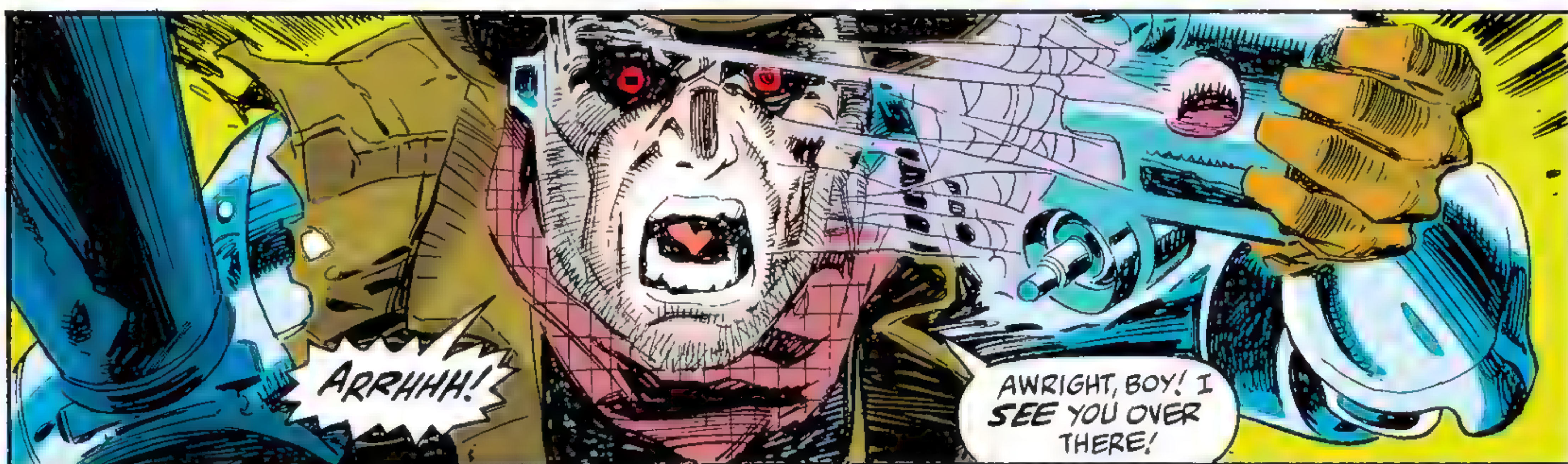
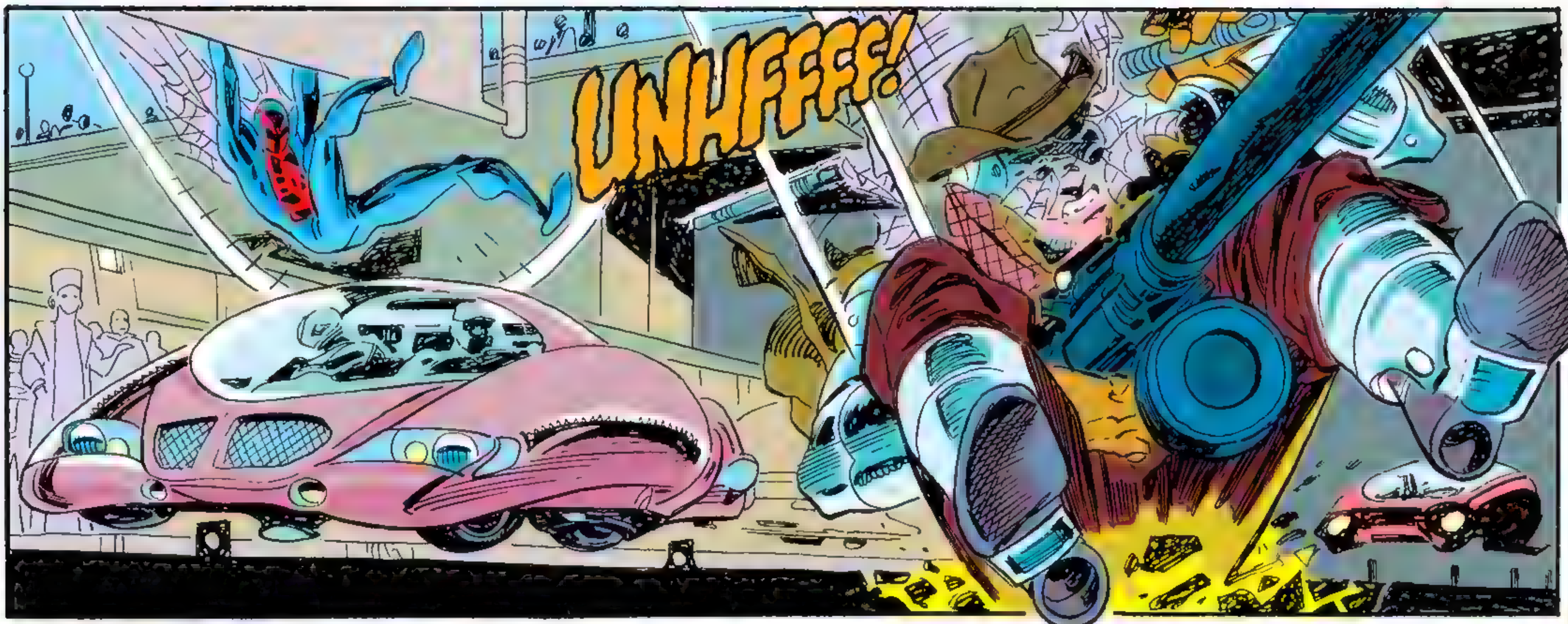




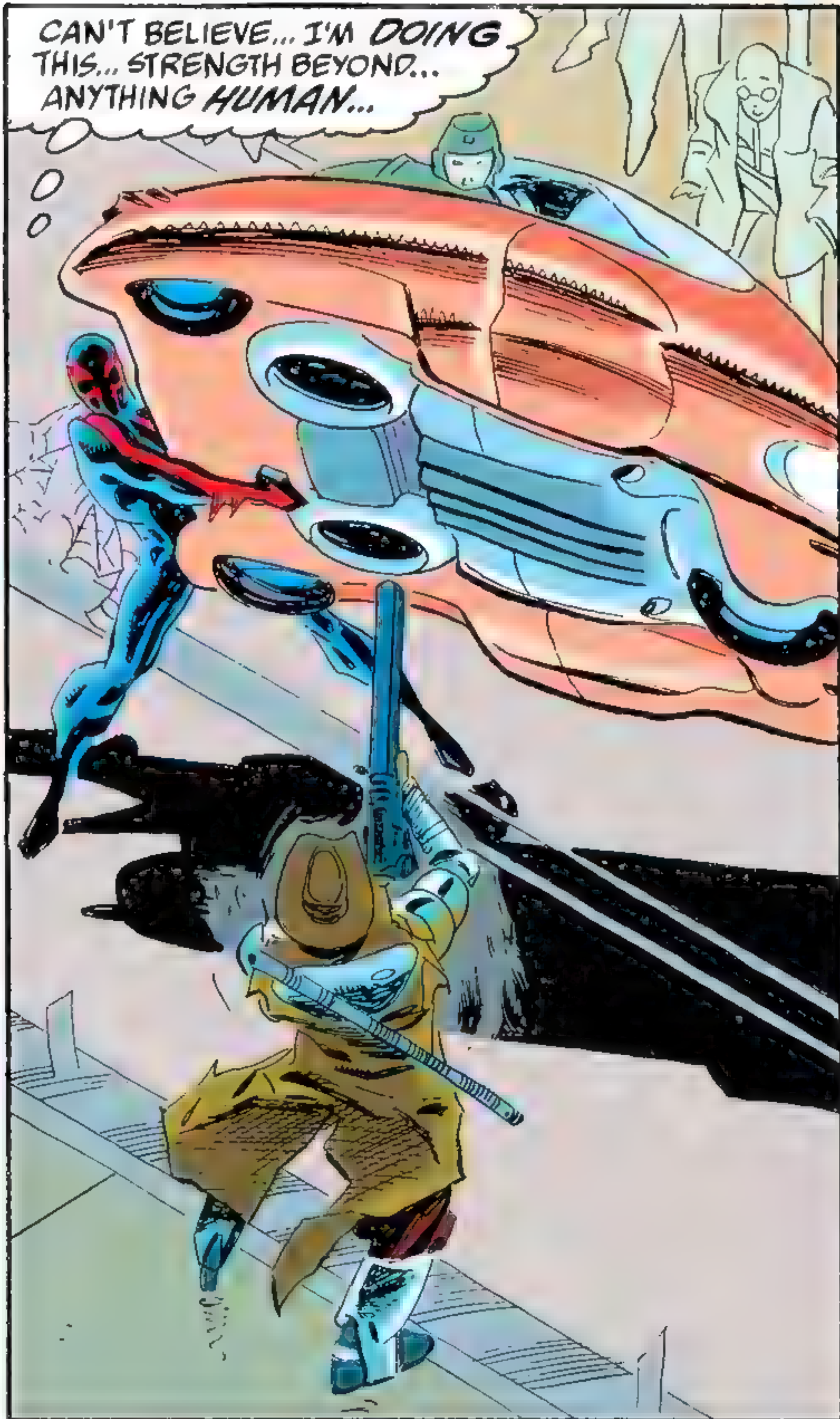




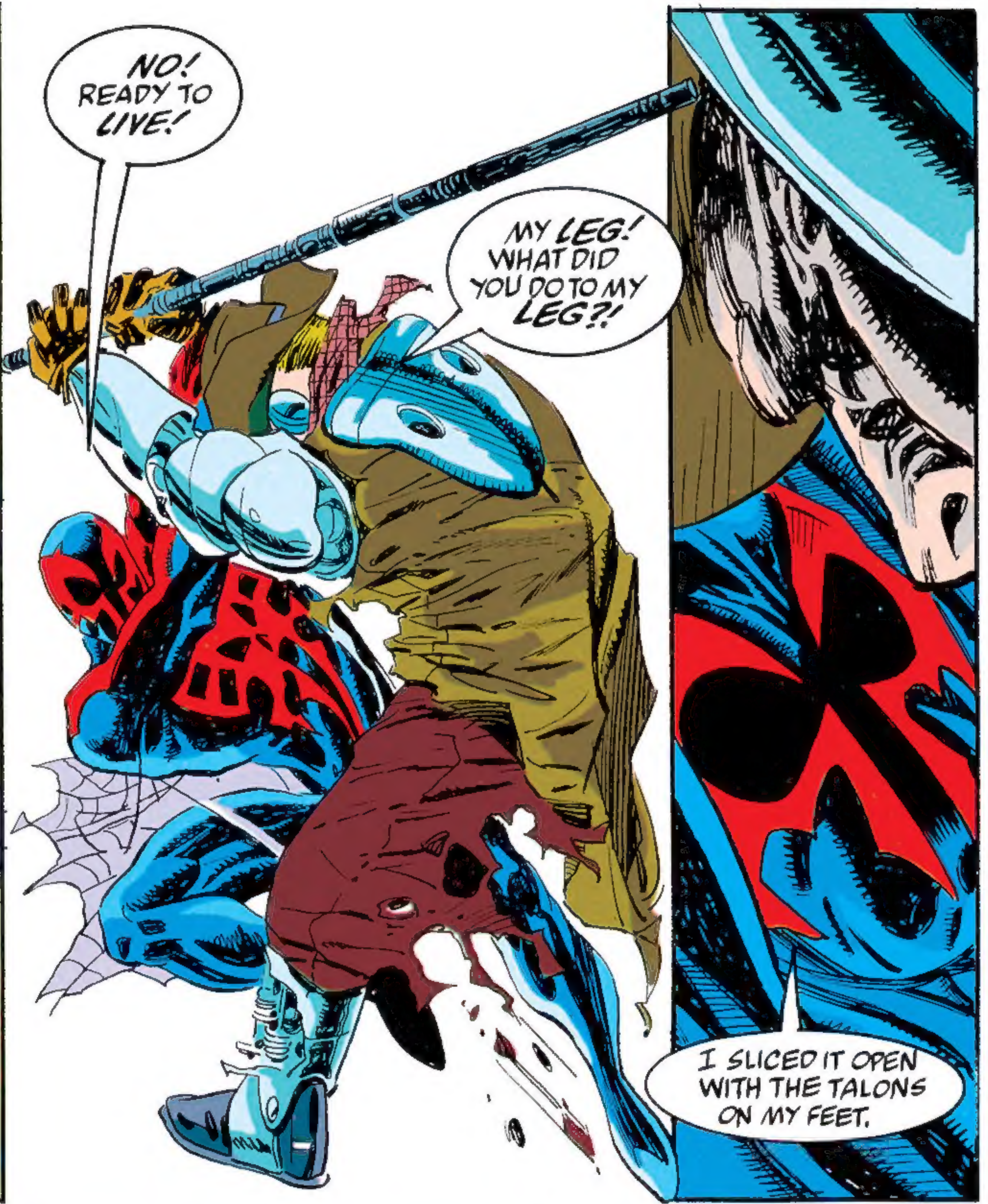




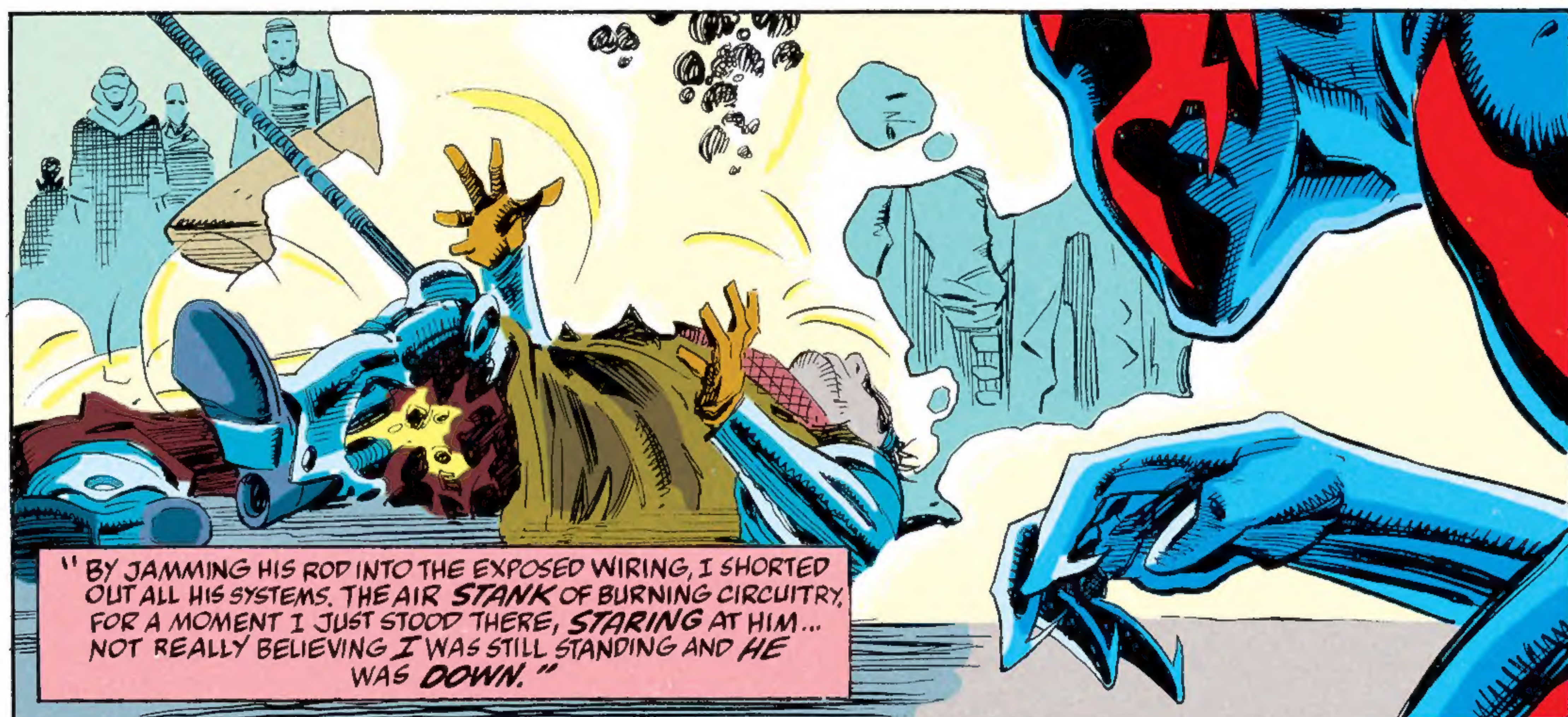
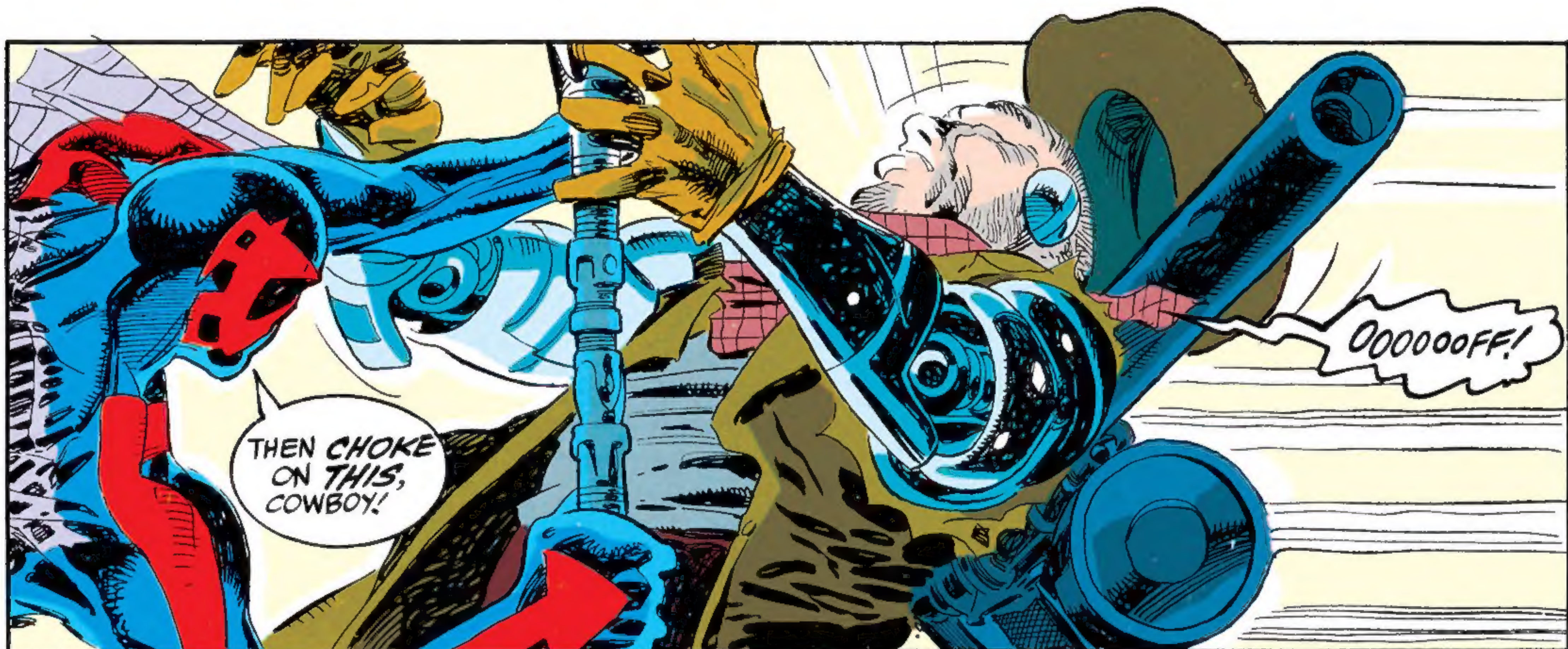




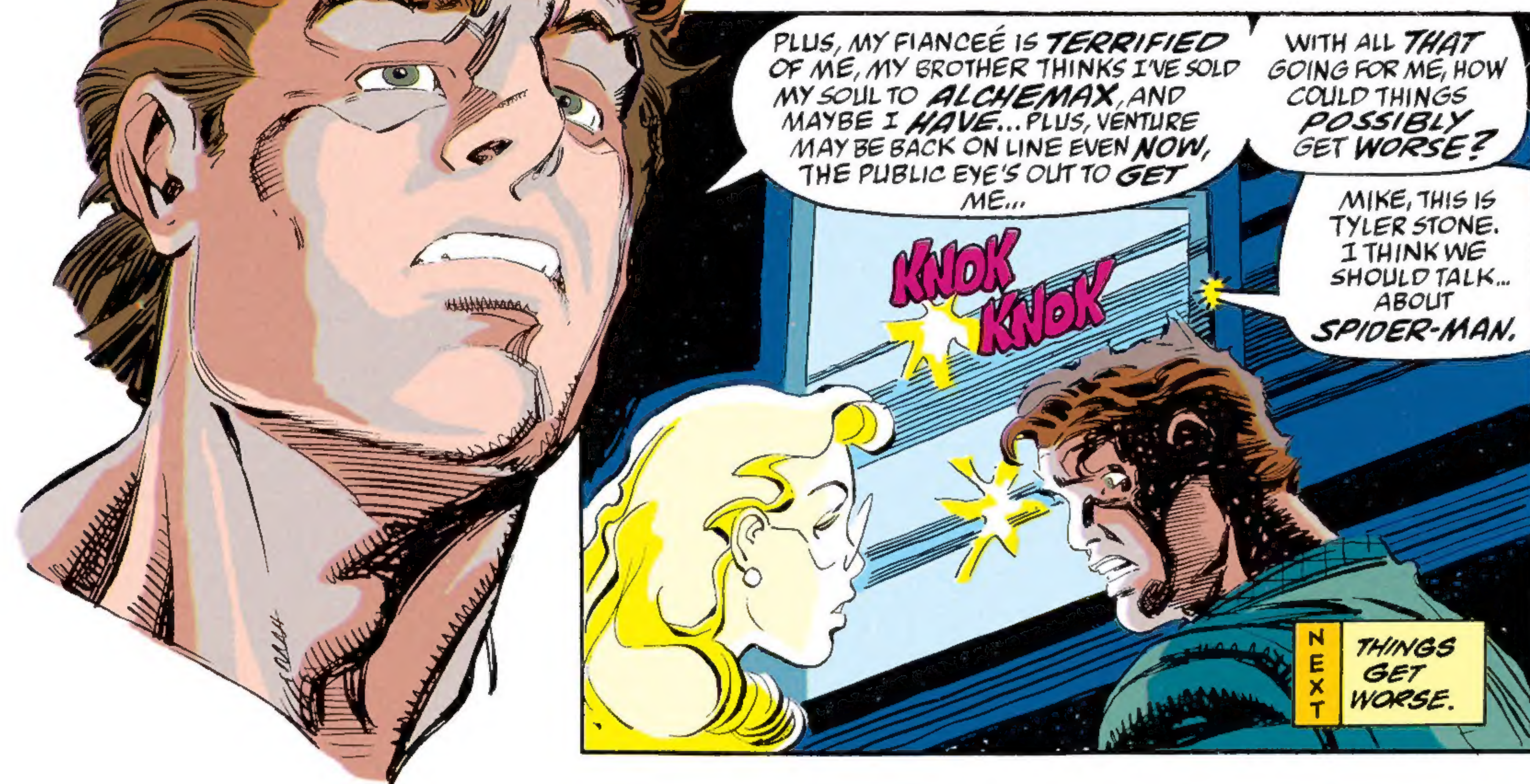
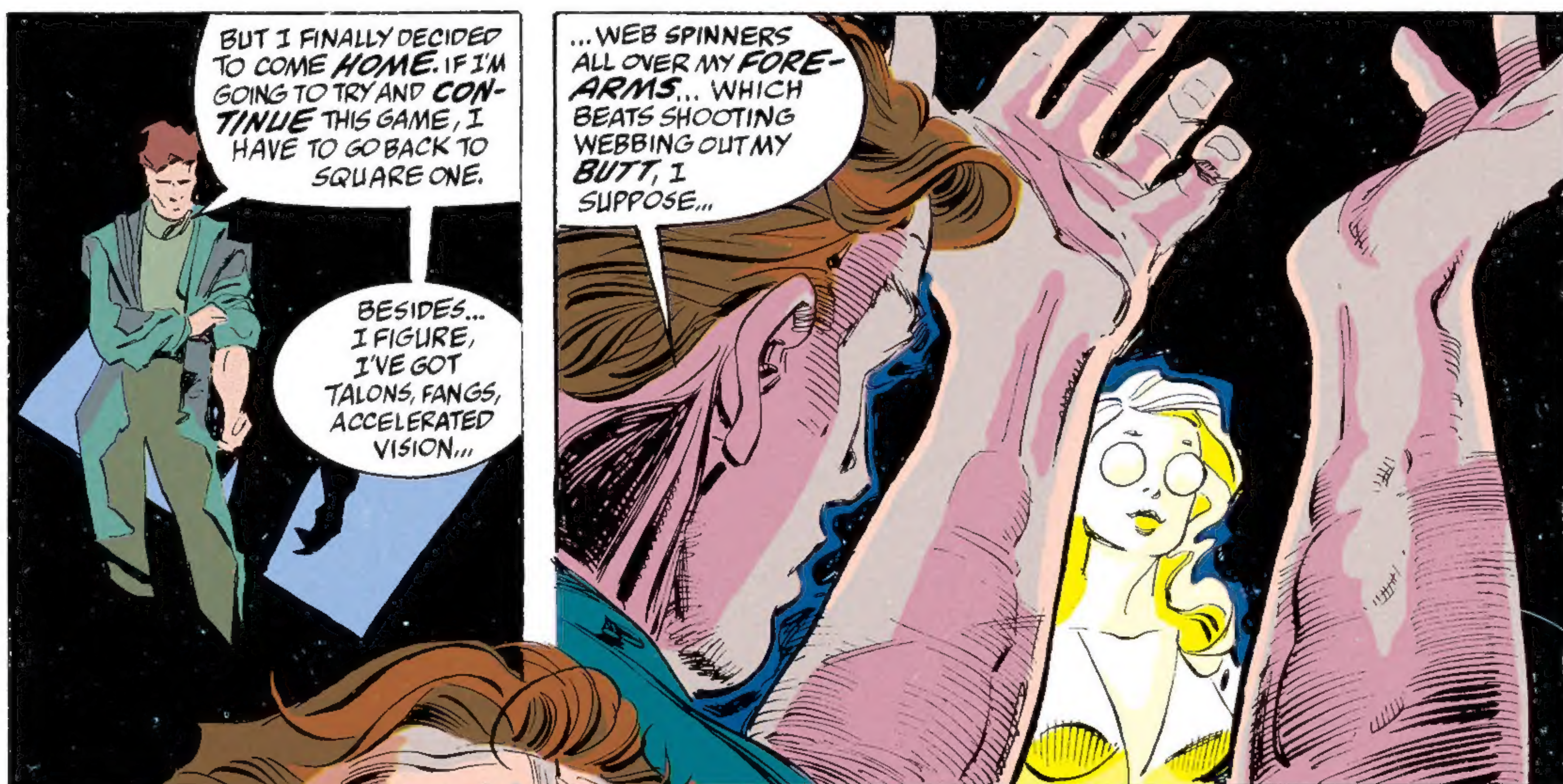
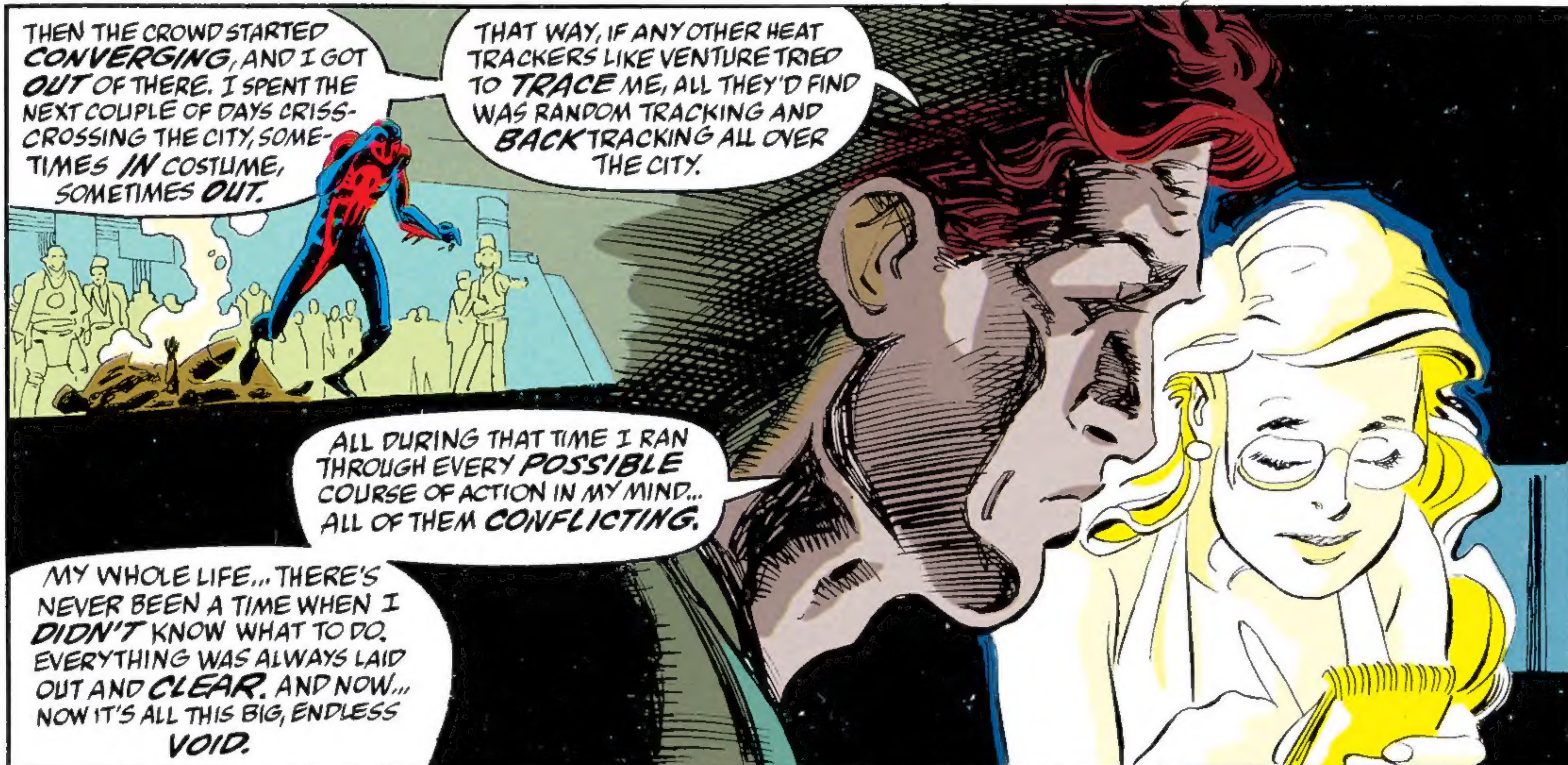












NEXT  
THINGS  
GET  
WORSE.





Z  
O  
N  
S